the PARIS REVIEW

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WILLIAM STYRON
an interview

amuel Beckett

Gerard Kornelis van het Reve

LIVRES D'OR OF PARIS

Richard Eberhart

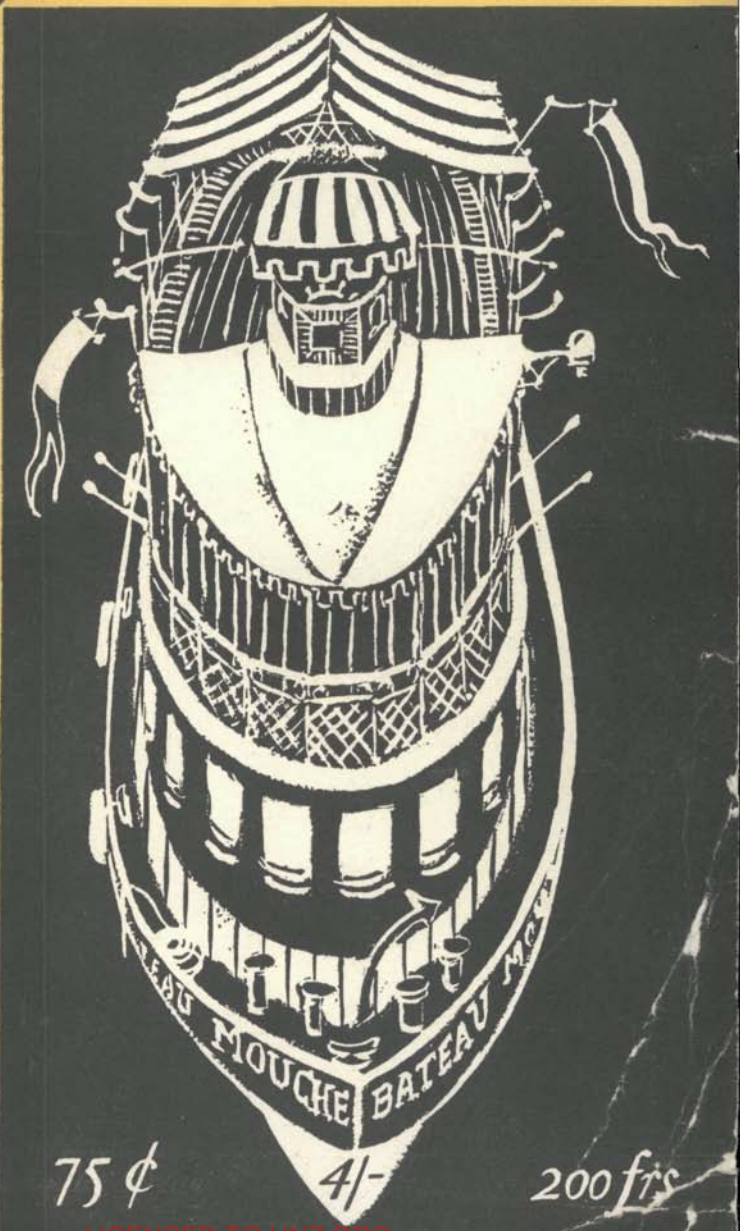
Jane Mayhall

Short Stories

Poetry

SPRING

1954



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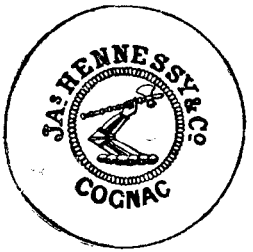

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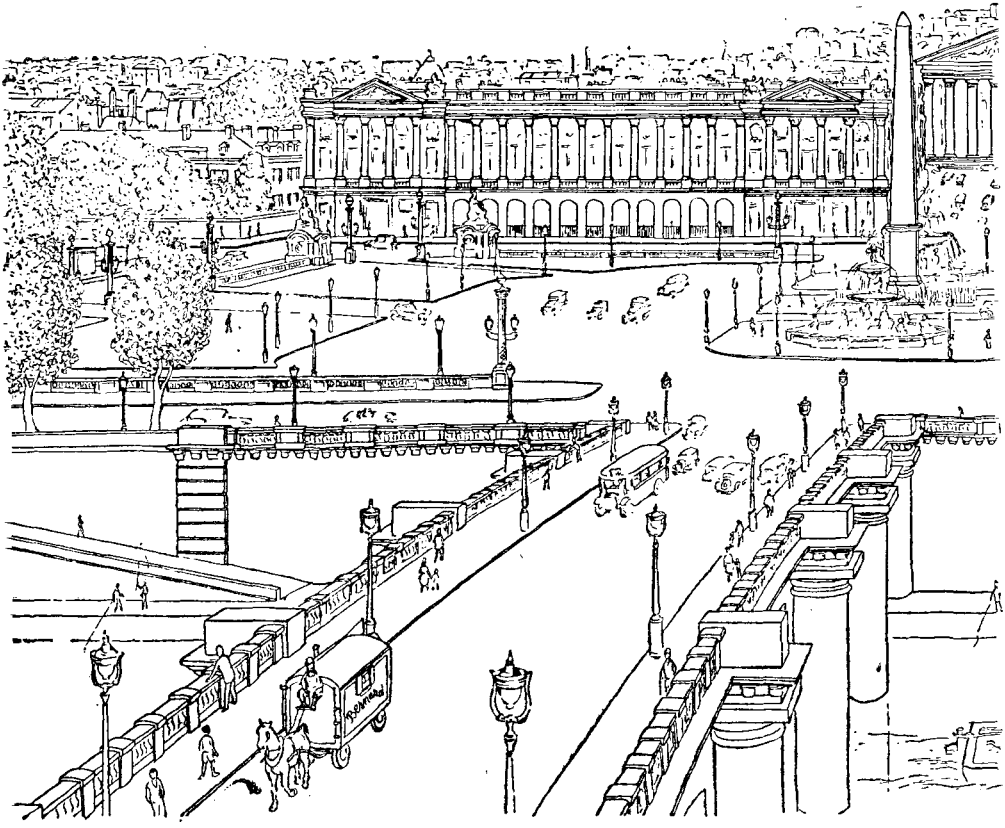

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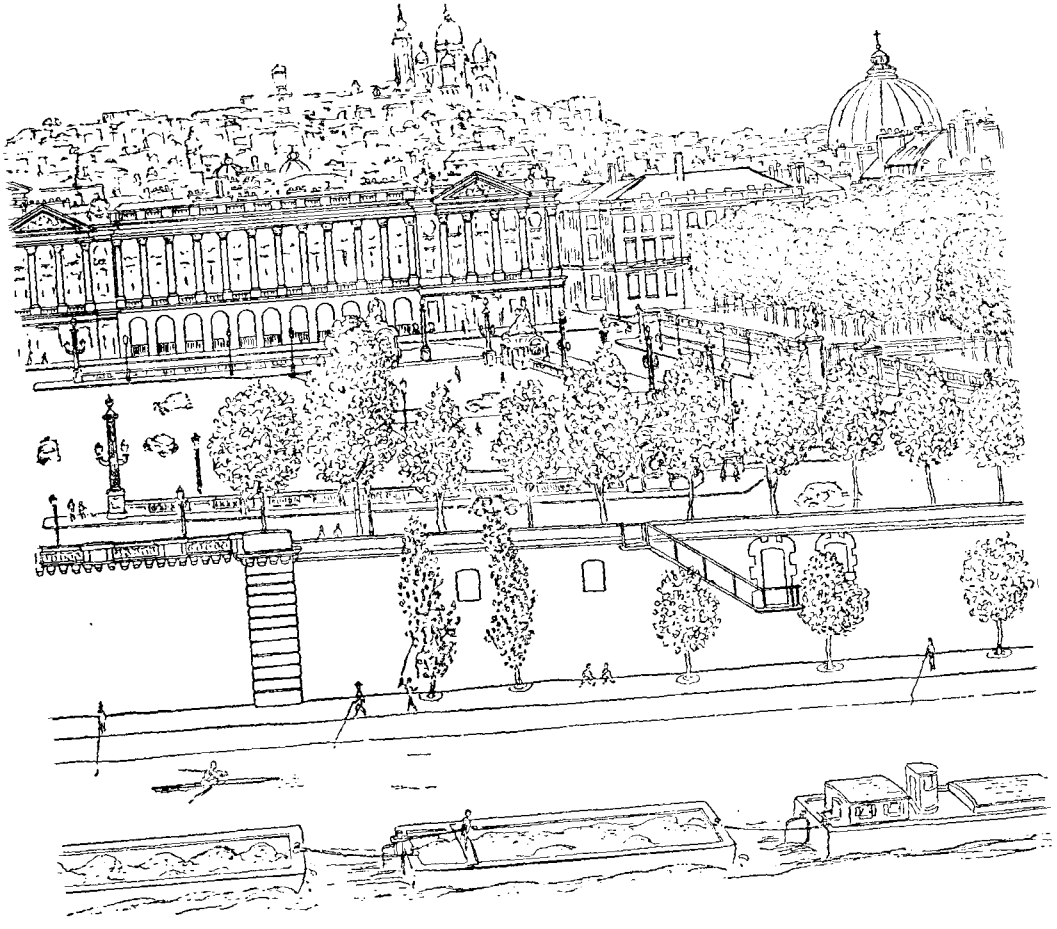

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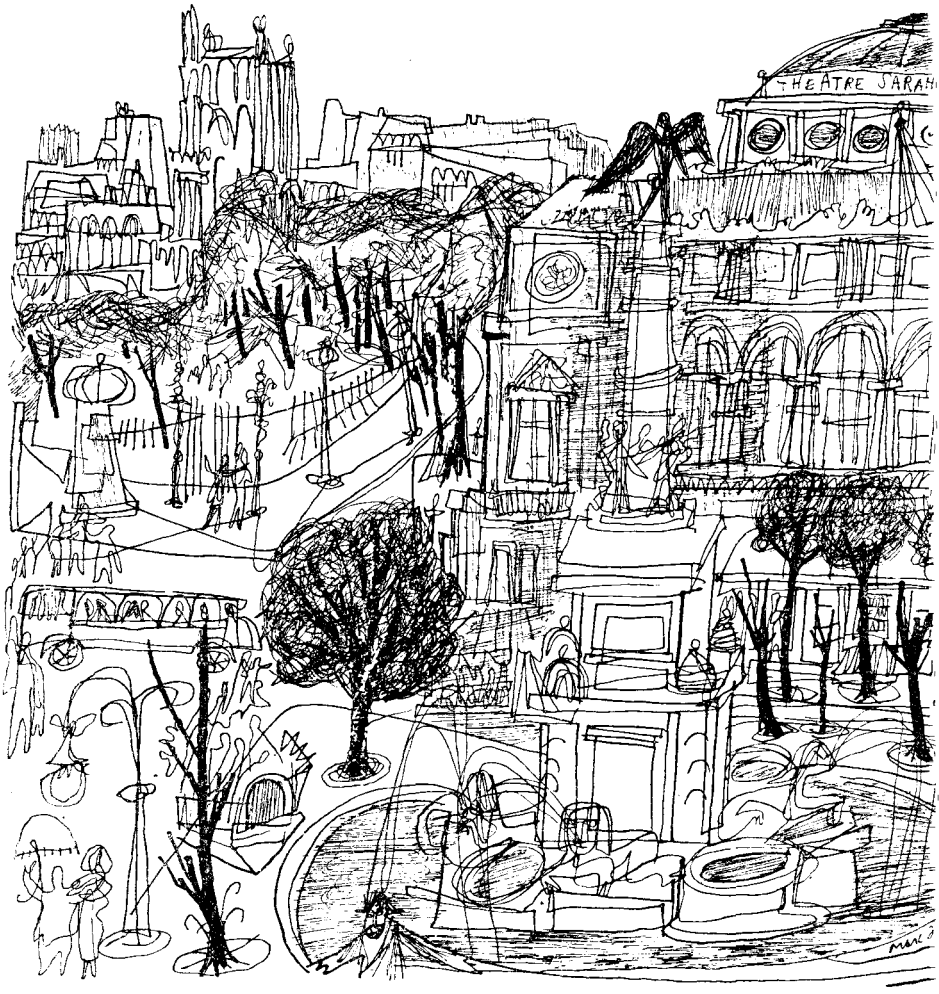

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(Cover and frontispiece by William Pène du Bois. Drawing on opposite page by Marc Janson. The Review is grateful for the services of Russell Hemenway during the collection of the Livres d'Or portfolio)

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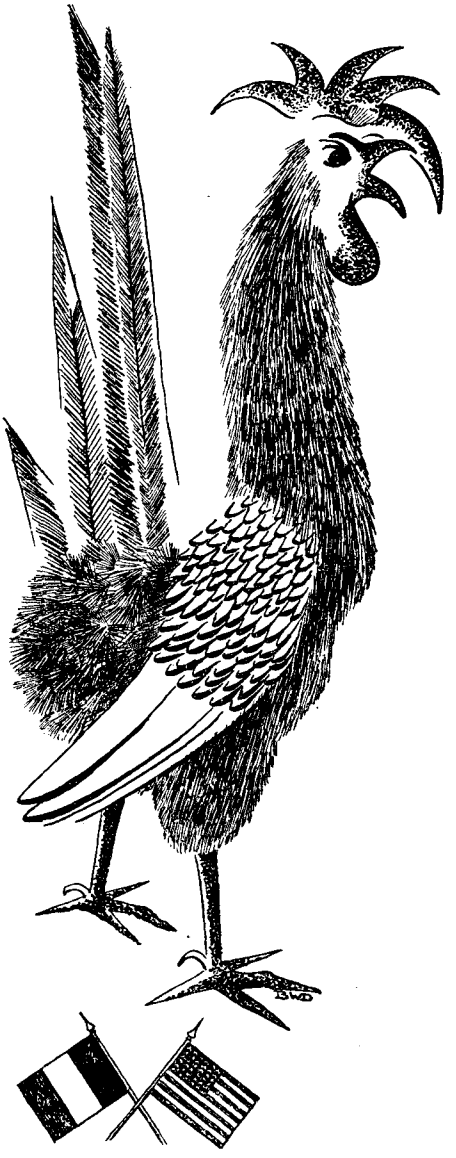

Since thirty-eight drawings by many artists are included in the Livres d'Or portfolio, the stories in this issue have not been illustrated, as has been the practice to date.
This is the fifth issue of a magazine whose circulation has increased a third since its conception a year ago, and which has been accepted by critics and readers alike as a reminder of the days when the Left Bank was headquarters for a whole department of world letters.
Subscriptions, at three dollars, sixteen shillings, or 800 *francs a year, may be obtained by writing* 2 *Columbus Circle, N. Y.* 19, 55 *Welbeck St., London W.* 1. *or* 8 *rue Garancière, Paris* 6.

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The Acrobat

WHEN there was a silence, Raimar's mother turned back to the mirror again. Raimar went to his bedroom with Philip. The atmosphere had grown tense.

Raimar's mother had been speaking for about an hour. In fact it was more like wailing. Now and then Raimar had mumbled something against her arguments. All the time during her discourse she had been at work on her toilet, complaining how terribly dry her hair was. She had combed it asunder, together, and asunder again, and then tried anew to bring it into shape, the only result being she burst into tears. She had overturned a rather large flask of perfume so that the room began to fill with the sweet, heavy odor of a florist's shop.

She had looked fixedly at Philip, too, obviously hoping he would support her opinion, but he did not say a word. You won't catch me as stupid as that, he thought. I certainly won't tire myself getting involved in it.

Raimar's father was sitting by the radio and smoking a small cigar. He did not say anything. The radio was playing harpsichord music. Philip had the impression that he did not dare to put on another station although he hated the music. Perhaps he did not dare to do anything but sit still and wait. The two of them passed him gingerly.

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Raimar, in only his undershorts, sat down at the table in his room and began fishing unused stamps out of a stone bowl of warm water. He asked Philip to sit opposite him and to write down and add up the values of the stamps he fished out. The stamps had come unstuck from blank postcards and envelopes suspended in the bowl.

Where do these stamps come from? Philip asked himself. Do I know?

Raimar pasted the stamps on the back of an old railway timetable with white glue which according to the label on the bottle was for mending broken pottery. He'll never get them off again, if he has to, Philip thought. Raimar placed the stamps in neat, straight rows, but without any arrangement according to the values. Their faces were besmeared due to the abundance of glue. Nobody will ever accept them like that, Philip said to himself, but he noted down the amounts Raimar listed in his highpitched, drawling voice. Philip had dressed already and the heat was tremendous, though it was not later than eleven and the house was not yet caught by the sun.

The block of houses formed a U and the apartment was on the fifth storey. All of its windows looked out on the inner court. Philip gazed down into the depths. He asked himself what he was doing here. He could see himself clearly, carried back by a bad dream into a school class, compelled to fill in the missing letters in spelling exercises. What am I looking for here? he thought. He turned back to the addition.

"It seems they think it's too hot for drilling today," he said. Military police were barracked off to the left, in a former cinema and used the court as a drilling field.

"It's Saturday," Raimar said.

"Yes, of course," Philip answered. "The English weekend." He looked at Raimar's short, fat hands fishing and pasting. "Aren't you going to dress?" he asked. Overcoming a wave of tiredness he added, "You're too fat. Beebee, you're nauseatingly fat."

The stench of the perfume and the cigar began to creep

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underneath the door. Why's the old boy poisoning the air? he thought. Nobody in this country smokes cigars but old whores.

"I'm doing exactly the same things this morning as on other days," Raimar said. "That's the best way not to make yourself nervous." He had finished filling a second sheet. When he got halfway through a third one there were no stamps left in the bowl. Philip handed him his calculations.

"I'll get a little sleep," Raimar said. He lay down on his bed and lit a cigarette.

"A sporting man shouldn't smoke," Philip said, gazing down into the inner court again. Raimar did not answer.

Philip closed the glue bottle and cleared some space on the table. He wanted to write a letter, but when he looked in his knapsack there was no stationery. It was in his suitcase, and his suitcase was at the station where he had taken it the day after he had met Raimar. Thank God I took it there and not here, he thought. He had gone to the station every day since in order to take it out and to hand it in again after he had removed things from it, having to pay for a new ticket every time. He supposed there was a cheaper solution, but he did not dare to inquire about it.

He took a clean timetable sheet and began to write on the back. He did not believe he would send it off. Without an opening he wrote: *I don't know exactly where you are. I don't know if you got my last letter. Sending a letter to a hotel if you aren't there any more is the same as posting it in a crack in the floor, since they never forward it on. Actually I should write and tell you everything again but I don't feel like it. I would never have believed a heat like this really could exist. B.B. (Raimar), the great sportsman, is lying on his bed. We are here in his room at Schwaighofergasse, but I won't give you the address, since I think I've put the greater part of my stay here behind me. Write me Postamt* 101, *as I asked you. I'm still not sure if it is true that he has been in New York, Chicago, Atlanta, and so forth. But he showed me a pretty ugly leather wallet with Chinese characters on it. What might be true is*

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that he works in a hotel from time to time, as far as I can understand. Maybe I'm so badly informed because it interests me so little. I don't believe the stories he tells, about prizes in car races and so on. I've been here almost six days. It saved me five nights, that is 5 × 27,50 = 137,50 *Schillings. I'm almost without medicine. Why don't you answer. I've been at the* 5:15 *train every afternoon. If you can't come send a telegram (five or six Schillings) or an express letter (some* 2 1/2 *Schillings). I go to the Postamt every morning. His parents are stupid people, which wouldn't surprise you. They gave me the key of the apartment. This afternoon...*

He stopped and tore up the written part of the paper, tearing it into little bits no bigger than confetti. He was annoyed that the letter was neither similar to the letter sent before nor a new and different one, but a mixture of the two. He scattered the scraps in small quantities out of the window, where they were carried along by an upward air current.

Beyond all doubt this is a misdemeanor, he thought. It may cause trouble enough with the neighbors if these sweet little things fly inside their dwellings. But a person should be left the opportunity to destroy what has become superfluous, and to dispose of it the way he believes in.

Raimar had put out his cigarette. He had not noticed what Philip was doing, and lay on his back with his eyes closed, his legs spread out against the heat. He was short, pale, and fat. The skin on his throat formed folds. Philip had met him the Monday before, late in the evening, when the heat had kept him from sleeping and he had left his hotel room near the Westbahnhof for a walk. He had stopped Raimar and asked him for the way to Augustinerstrasse, for he believed—what proved to be a misconception—that it was the amusement center. It was his third day in town. Unasked, Raimar had gone along with him to show him the way although according to his own statement he did not know exactly where it was. Augustinerstrasse turned out to be a broad but deserted street of mainly official buildings which had been shrouded in darkness for hours. There were no cafés open any more. Philip wanted to get rid of the boy

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but instead of leaving the boy asked him what address he wanted to go to. When Philip said that he just wanted to have a glass of beer somewhere, and walk back, Raimar persuaded him to go and look for a café somewhere else in the center of town. Philip, out of boredom, went with him, and they had beers and gins in three cafés. Raimar had talked all the time, telling that he had been born in Graz and had lived in Vienna for only four years, that he had been in America, that he was a sportsman and took part in car races, and even that he had won prizes. Philip had been busy in devising methods of getting rid of him, but he had postponed it out of cowardliness. He had found the name Boring Boy for him. He had started calling him by the initials of it, making him believe it was an old word that meant 'dear friend' or 'comrade in arms'. At two in the morning, when he was on the way back to the hotel, the boy was still in his company. They were both half-drunk. Raimar had offered to have him stay the night at his place, and since it saved Philip twenty minutes walking he had gone upstairs with him and slept on a camp cot in Raimar's room. They had not awakened anyone, for Raimar's parents were on vacation and were not to return before Friday.

Philip looked around the room where he had stayed five nights. It seemed not to have undergone any change since it had been a little boy's room. There were still wooden toadstools nailed to the wall and painted in false colors, and the wood of Raimar's bed was enamelled pink. Philip had the impression it had been lengthened every few years. There were still two big toy animals, a bear and a dog, both with enormous green eyes, sitting on a radio, one of the four radios in the apartment. Perhaps the three not in use had been built by Raimar and then laid aside.

Raimar had fallen asleep. Philip took out his wallet and counted his money. He had always refused to have meals with Raimar or his family. It would have meant that he would have to bring fruits or flowers with him, so that the real costs would have been much higher than they were now. He had spent the greater part of the days swimming and lying

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in the sun at the riverside, buying rolls and sausages at a stand at noon and a cheap supper in a café at night.

He had only two hundred Schillings left. That's at least eight or ten days, he thought. But if I don't sleep here, it's only enough for say three days. After that I'll have to leave. Where will Philip be going then? he said to himself. Philip doesn't know yet. Philip goes where the wind carries him.

He took a little box out of his knapsack, filled a syringe with the contents of a capsule and injected it into his leg. He kept on the alert, ready to pull his trouser leg down if someone should come in.

He went back into the living room. Raimar's mother was still at her toilet table. She was powdering her face, and cast quick, agitated glances at him.

"He doesn't see the danger," she said, fixing her tear-swollen eyes on him. She was not yet old, but she was short, and utterly withered.

Philip paused. Raimar's father was still sitting in his chair. He had stopped smoking. He kept pushing slightly against his mouth with the back of his fist. The radio had been turned off.

"He's eighteen now," she went on. "And he's got that hotel job. And it's a good job, and he can get on in it. But he throws away every chance. Can't you talk with him, Philippus?"

"Philip," he corrected her. He pointed to the visiting card he had given Raimar, which had lain on the toilet table ever since. She took it up mechanically. On it stood *Philip Vorsching, cand. jur.* I am really modest about my qualities, he thought, looking at the card with her. Why not a doctor, of art history for instance, or palaeontology? I could have been it, if only I had wanted to. Easily. He shook his head. All knowledge is vanity, he said to himself.

"Philip," she said. "You've achieved something. You've got an object in life. You know where you're going. But Raimar can't hold on, with nothing." Tears appeared on her cheeks again. "The first couple of weeks everything's

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splendid. The firm, the work, everything. And then he drops it and he wants something else again."

"But isn't that the way to find out which work, which career you like, and what you're fitted for?" Philip asked. He felt an agreeable, soft pain pervading his joints. Inside his eyes something contracted. His nostrils trembled for a bit and his ear-drums tensed themselves, with little crackling sounds.

"But why should he always choose dangerous things?" she asked. "Why?" She began repairing the places where the tears had spoiled her makeup.

What does she want actually? Philip asked himself. Am I a sage, or an educationalist? Crap. He shook his head again.

"Because it pays pretty well," he answered. "And he gets a chance to see something of the world. He's already been in America." He thought he might check Raimar's stories that way.

"He was an amateur then," she said. "The Association only paid the trip and their stay. And nothing else." She shaped her lips into a round opening as though she expected somebody to put a candy into it. "The only thing he came back with was a disease," she suddenly thrust out. "A disease! I won't say what kind."

Raimar's father made a move to take part in the discussion. He was not tall, either, and his dark blue suit was too large. He moved his hand over his pinkish-white face and his bald head and caressed his mustache.

"That's what makes us always worry about him," he said, with a pale, unreal voice. "As soon as he has a job for two or three weeks, he's bored by it. That's the way he got into those races, too. If only it's sensational and dangerous. And now we were happy he had got that job in the hotel. He asked for two days' leave for this performance, and he had a quarrel about it before he got it. This time they gave it, but not a second and a third time. Then they'll kick him out. And what then?"

"Maybe sport's his real ambition," Philip said. "And if

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he's well paid for it, what's the trouble?" He sat down in one of the armchairs and stretched himself out at his leisure. Do I care? he thought. The talk seemed fatuous to him, but at the same time very funny.

"Do you think seven hundred Schillings is a lot?" Raimar's father asked. "If he hasn't imagined that. He never asks about exact conditions. A contract? Oh, no! They can make him believe anything and put any amount in his hands they like."

"Seven hundred Schillings," Philip said. "It depends on what you're expected to do for it."

Raimar's mother sat down in front of the mirror. She lifted strands of hair and studied the results when they had fallen again. How can one produce such activity in this heat, Philip thought. Considering that it is all in vain.

He let his eyes go over the room. It was luxuriously furnished, but everything was exceedingly ugly. Green was the dominant color. The plush of the heavy, black-varnished armchairs was dark green, and so was the plush of the settee and the coverlet on the bed. There was a parquet floor with a green carpet on it. The two small tables were of glass, with chromium steel underframes. The bed, the buffet and the wardrobe were a black matching the wood of the chairs. The wall paper was light green. This room together with Raimar's bedroom made up the whole apartment. There was no hall and Raimar's room could only be entered through the living room. To Philip the room was like the waiting room of an expensive doctor's or fortune-teller's. A big doll had been placed on the settee. It was a peasant woman, dressed in some East European folk costume. The three radios are quite appropriate for a waiting room, too, he thought. The patients, or groups of patients, can choose their own favorite program while waiting. Two of the radios in the room were out of order. Both of them were mahogany-colored, one under the toilet table, the other on the floor beside the settee. An excellent waiting room, Philip said to himself. He got up and went somewhat nearer the window, so that he could see mself in the mirror. He saw with satisfaction that his

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facial muscles were strained and that his eyes were wide open and staring.

"When we talk to him, he doesn't listen," Raimar's mother said. She was ready with her toilet and her arms hung down limply at her side.

Philip nodded slowly as though he was weighing her remark. He began walking up and down. He smiled. Now listen, he said to himself, building up a speech in his mind. It might be very moving what you're telling me, but unfortunately I'm not the least bit interested. Raimar's father watched his face.

"You know much more about everything than Raimar," he said. "You're eight years older. If you could tell him about your own studies, all the time you have spent on one thing, let's say on one learned book, that would be a good thing. So that he understands that one has to stick to a single thing at a time, and that way try to achieve something."

Study, Philip thought. Yes. Maybe Raimar still has a magic lantern. Of course he has one. If he has such big toy animals, he must have a magic lantern, too. I'll give a lecture about life on the sea bottom, with lantern slides.

"You might have a good influence on him," Raimar's mother said. "You're going to stay in Vienna, aren't you?"

"That's not at all sure, Mrs. Zipper," Philip said. (She had asked him to call her Maria, but he had kept on saying Mrs. Zipper.) "I've been studying law, but I'm going to specialize on copyright and patents. Maybe I'll stay and study here, if it's not too expensive. I must find out, and if it's possible to transfer money here. But now it's summer and the whole university is closed." While he was speaking he believed the story to such an extent that he almost felt uneasy whether he was still in time to be entered for the new course. Maybe this is a new version, he said to himself. He was not sure any more about what he had said the day before, but he did not care about it. These people are nuts, all the same, he thought.

There was splashing of water in the other room. Raimar's father turned on the radio again. It was playing slow, vulgar

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mandolin music, but Philip enjoyed it. He was tempted to clap his hands softly and make little jumps in the air.

"I do understand it very well," he said. "It must be difficult for you. But Philip will see what he can do."

Raimar came out of his room. He had dressed. He held the sheets with the stamps in his hand and asked Philip to go to the post office with him.

"We've still lots of time," he said. His parents stared at him in silence.

Philip went with him. The post office was nearby. They walked slowly, trying to stay in the shade as much as possible.

"I haven't nearly enough time to work at my book," Raimar said. "I should really write at least six hours a day." He grinned, showing his yellow teeth, and a guilty look appeared on his face.

"Isn't it a shame?" Philip said. "Besides it's difficult to do any work in this heat. You can't concentrate." He had only half listened to him.

"Have you ever written a book?" Raimar asked. "It's very very difficult."

Now Philip remembered that the first evening they had met, Raimar had said that he was working in a hotel, but also that he was a writer.

Raimar grinned again and suddenly produced a bundle of papers folded in two from the inside pocket of his jacket, and handed them to Philip. They were time-table leaves. The printed sides were folded outward.

"It's less than half of it," he said. "It'll be twice as long." They had come to the post office.

"You don't have to come inside if you don't want to," Raimar said. "I'll be back in a minute." He took the sheets with the stamps out of his trousers pocket. He waved them back and forth in order to be sure they were dry. "You can read my book here," he suddenly said loudly. "You can sit down here and smoke. You aren't allowed to smoke inside." He offered Philip a cigarette.

He disappeared. Philip sat down on the stone steps of the entrance and lit the cigarette. "He'll never get anything

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refunded for that chaos of stamps," he thought contentedly. He was tempted to get up, to drop the bundle of papers through the gratings of a drain and walk away slowly. He smiled at the thought but reflected that his knapsack was at Raimar's place. I'm lonely and abandoned, he thought. Philip feels very lonely. He began to think over the situation. Why did I have to come to this town alone? he thought. Why was I sent alone, and why didn't he come with me? Why? Let me think. He said it was too risky to enter the zone immediately with the whole stock. I had to go first and find out if there was any border control. I was the guinea pig.

His mouth contracted. Why didn't he answer my letters, then? he asked himself. There wasn't any baggage control, and I wrote him so. Why didn't he send word whether I had to wait for him or come back? Even if he had been angry that I didn't see any possibilities in the town he could have answered. There's no need at all to be angry: one could see in one hour that it's impossible to start selling here. It's too dangerous.

The pain in his joints had ended. Soft, comfortable tremors ran along his back. He felt feverish, but indefatigable. There was a beige veil spread over everything, but instead of making things vague, it brightened their contours.

It's possible it was all lies, he thought. A lie that he was intending to join me here. A lie that he would wait for my letter and in the meantime finish up some business in the neighborhood. A letter to Salzburg and a letter back can only take two days, or two and a half. He could easily have answered.

He felt deceived. But I'm not angry, he said to himself. I could have known it. He wasn't planning at all to come here. He only wanted to get rid of me. He'll try to get away. With the stock.

He smiled. He can't even lift up the trunk himself, he thought. The weakling. If he has to lift it into the baggage rack the blood spurts out of his nose.

I remember the words you used, too, he whispered.

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Useless, lazy, and a coward. The first is true, the second is true, and the third is true. But a coward can give proof of great courage, precisely out of cowardice. Then he can be dangerous. Philip is coming back. Today. And Philip will find you.

He looked into the hall of the post office, but Raimar was not to be seen. It would seem they've kept him, he thought. That would be splendid.

He nodded and looked at the bundle of papers on his knees. He unfolded the unprinted sides. The sheets were pencilled in enormous letters. The text began: *The big Stadium is filled to the top. The spectators wait tensely. The chief of track has given the sign that the track must be emptied. After that sign it is strictly and absolutely forbidden to anyone to set foot on the track, and trespassers will get a very high fine. This is good, for if one goes on the track, that is impossible, for there is danger.* That was all there was on the first sheet.

He folded the sheets together. He thought that he would take a train in the late afternoon or evening.

Raimar came back. He still had the sheets with the stamps with him. He said that the department for refunding unused stamps was closed. On the way he took the manuscript.

"You didn't know that I was a writer, too, did you?" he asked. He put the bundle back into his inside pocket. "Of course you should read the whole of it," he continued. "Because if you only read a couple of pages, that's no use." He looked understandingly at Philip.

"I think it's something very clever to write a book," Philip said. He looked at Raimar, who was holding his jacket wide open because of the heat. His shirt was sweat through and his fat breasts were outlined under it, shaking up and down as he walked.

Perhaps he'll want me to read it again once we're home, he thought. Then it'll be soaked by salt water. All the more interesting it'll be. A work of art fished up in a bottle.

"Tonight I'll read you some of it," Raimar said. "The part where the engine catches fire. That's very dangerous

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for a racer. We'll go to my room then. Because mother can't stand anything very exciting."

Philip decided he would walk back with him, go upstairs, take his knapsack and, once all of them had set out, disappear into an alley or sidestreet. To test it out he hid himself suddenly in the deep entryway of a store, but Raimar came back and found him easily.

"A joke," Philip said, raising a finger. "A practical joke."

When they arrived at Raimar's place, they did not have to go upstairs. Raimar's parents stood waiting in front of the street door.

"I don't see how you can get there by twelve," Raimar's mother said. She had on a straw hat with a titmouse on it. The hat gave her a more tired appearance. She held a short raincoat over her arm, although rain was the most improbable thing to be expected. Raimar's father stood at her side, and remained silent.

"My turn won't come very soon," Raimar said. "They said noon, but there'll be tap dance rehearsals before I can start. I needn't come exactly at noon." He wanted to go upstairs to get his costume, but his mother lifted the raincoat and revealed both his shirt and his shorts over her arm.

They wanted to take a streetcar, but the heat was so overwhelming that Raimar's father decided to take a taxi. Once the automobile began to move the heat became bearable, but it was still too hot to start a conversation.

Raimar's father was sitting beside the driver. Raimar and Philip had Mrs. Zipper between them on the back seat. Whenever the taxi took a curve, the edge of her hat would scratch Philip's temple and immediately afterwards the long, soft tail of the bird would stroke his head. The tail did not belong to the bird, but had been composed of exotic feathers and attached to it artificially. All of the group were silent and gazed in front of them.

Raimar's father had ordered the driver to take them to Reichsbrucke, without giving any further directions. The axi halted on the slope going up to the bridge and the driver

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stopped the meter. It caused disagreement, as they had to go to the other side of the river. It was not clear whether he was willing to take them there for the same sum or would start the meter again. They got out, crossed the road, stood panting with heat for a moment, and then began to cross the bridge. The heat had softened the asphalt to the constituency of porridge and the automobiles went over it slowly, their tires squelching as if they were going through wet snow.

Across the river they went down off the bridge by steps which led them into a large open field. A big square area in it had been enclosed by poles with steel wire stretched between them and jute curtains were hung on the wire in order to prevent people outside the square from observing performances without paying. From the bridge, however, one had an adequate view, though at a distance, and some people had already gathered there, leaning against the railing.

They walked across the bare field. The grass was singed and dying, with patches of crumbling, blinding sand. Around the edges of the enclosed area people were trying to make out what was going on by peering through slits in the jute.

They went through a wooden gate, and were admitted without trouble. The terrain was dominated by two tall iron poles at the end. In the middle there was a round wooden stage. On it a group of twelve midgets in Tyrolese costumes were rehearsing a folk dance. A man naked to the waist stood at the edge of the stage, reinforcing the rhythm by pounding on the floor with a stick. Near him there was an orchestra consisting of an accordianist and two trumpeters sitting on wooden folding chairs. The music they made did not carry. There was no loudspeaker installation.

When they drew nearer, the half-naked man nodded to them but went on beating out the rhythm of the orchestra. There was nothing to sit on. The four of them stopped near the stage and waited. There were only a few people on the grounds, most of them workers who were levelling uneven plots or laying cables.

The midgets were dancing in couples. They turned around, clapped their hands on their knees and, bending over deeply,

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bumped with their buttocks against each other. Their faces were not made up, but nevertheless they were unnaturally pink with darker red in the middle of their cheeks. Philip noticed that none of them seemed to be sweating, and he meditated that they might be less troubled by the heat because they were so small.

From a distance the group on the stage seemed to Philip only a collection of children commanded by an adult, but now he could see how shrivelled and deformed the tiny creatures were. It looked as though they had too much skin in comparison with the size of their bodies, the abundance of skin forming folds and furrows. Their faces were like little dried apples, and around their upper arms and thighs ran deep, circular grooves as though the tissue were held in by thin iron thread, by way of punishment, in order to make dancing painful for them. Their tiny mouths were grim.

The sight frightened Philip. He decided they were not midgets, but gnomes. Brownies ought to stay under the ground, he thought. It's bad enough that at night they climb out of their holes and steal things out of houses. No need to come out into the bright daylight and dance, after all. He compared their faces to potatoes. Potatoes should be stored in the ground, he said to himself; it would be good if people were to dig a deep pit, entice the whole group into it with music or sweets, and fill up the pit at a terrific rate of speed, the sound of the falling earth drowning their peeps.

The music and the dance came to a stop. The musicians' faces and necks were soaked with sweat. They drank beer out of bottles standing beside them on the ground, amidst numerous empty ones.

The bare-chested man came down from the stage, passed the musicians, and came up to Raimar.

"This is Antonio," Raimar said. His parents brought forth only vague mumblings, and stood still. The man cast a nervous glance at them and at Philip. He stamped the stick, a rough, half-peeled branch, into the ground and punched a hole in the dry grass.

"Everything's still a mess," he said. He shook his head and

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made clumsy, apologizing gestures with his hands covered with a crust of damaged skin. He spoke with his face turned to Raimar's parents but with his eyes cast aside. "The microphone's coming tonight, with the lights. The orchestra isn't complete, either." He wiped his hand over his face and then through the thin garland of bright, curly hair around his bald crown. "Everything's built up of details, so to say, of spare parts," he explained.

The dwarfs had left the stage and were waiting in uncertainty for further orders.

"We'll start all over again presently," Antonio shouted to them. Then he looked at the four of them with an expression of annoyance and exhaustion.

"I must say I don't like their faces," Philip said calmly and distinctly.

Antonio breathed in deeply.

"The blackguards," he said softly. This time he turned his eyes, inflamed by dust, to their faces. "Malicious little creatures. Did you know that? Venomous goblins." He scratched his chest and back, which were not the least tanned. It was probably the first time in the year he had exposed them to the sun. "You get them by cross-breeding," he said, looking around before he went on.

The dwarfs hesitated and then disappeared under the stage where they sat down on little rugs they had no doubt spread there earlier. There they could profit from the draft that was probably streaming underneath the stage, and from the shade. The musicians sat down under a piece of burlap stretched from a railing of the stage to the ground.

"They're hybrids," Antonio went on. "You can see that from their slit eyes. Whenever different races mix, you get criminals or dwarfs."

Raimar's parents sat down on a spot of yellow turf. Now they can take any steps they want, Philip thought. They can ask questions, they can argue, quarrel, whatever they want. They can decide about everything.

Raimar's parents kept silent. Antonio looked around, supervising. A group of people carried within the fence the

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brilliant, chromium poles of a rope-dancing installation and one-wheeled rope-bicycle.

"But they can't carry on themselves," Antonio went on. "They can't do that. They're infertile. But don't think they don't try! Jesus Sweet Savior! The smaller they are, the hotter. They leap each other whenever they get a chance. Sometimes you really have to bash them apart! If it wasn't so warm you would see them busy under the stage right now. They're terrifically hot." He watched Raimar's parents' faces but they looked unmoved, still staring in front of them.

"But if they're a nuisance, they can hit the road!" he concluded. "No trouble! There's trouble enough!"

"I'm so thirsty!" Raimar's mother said. Raimar ran to fetch some beer from a nearby stand. In the meantime the others looked at each other in silence. Antonio twisted and turned the soil with his feet. They don't dare say anything, they just wait, Philip thought.

Raimar came back with three bottles. The beer was sold out, and he had brought cherry squash with him. The caps had been taken off the bottles. He carried the bottles in one hand, and when he began distributing them he dropped one. Philip rescued it by making a quick dive for it. The bit of liquid that gushed out lay on the sand for a while as though it was on a greasy glass plate before being absorbed.

"The last ones," Raimar said. "There are some more coming."

Antonio walked away. They saw him go to a caravan at the edge of the field. He battered on the door, and a thin man putting on dirty green overalls came out. They watched both of them go to the iron poles. At the foot of one of them the man in overalls uncovered an engine and began doing some work on it.

Raimar gave each of his parents a bottle, and then offered the fallen one to Philip. The sand and the squash formed a whimsical growth at the neck of the bottle like fever eruptions around a mouth. Philip refused it.

"Drinking, and especially drinking sweetened beverages, only increases one's thirst," he said. He suddenly knew he

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must not drink it, on any condition. I won't drink it, he thought with great certainty.

Raimar wiped the sand from the neck and drank off the bottle at a stretch. He gasped. His parents sipped the liquid in small drafts, postponing as long as possible the moment they would have to give themselves up to the heat again.

There was a vague breeze that changed direction now and then. Whenever it came across the field, everybody closed his mouth and eyes and held his head down, trying not to inhale. From the river, it was a little cooler and one could fill one's lungs again without growing dizzy.

Philip decided that if the waiting lasted much longer he would suddenly run away hard, climb the bridge, and disappear, but then Antonio came back. He had left the thin man behind at the foot of the pole.

"They forget what they've been hired for," he said. "If they have to wait half an hour for new orders they think that they can do whatever they want to. The gentleman wanted to go for a swim."

They went along with him to the steel pole on the left, the one with the engine at its foot. There were a number of planks on the ground and Raimar's parents chose one of them to sit down on.

The poles were some hundred twenty feet high, and stood about thirty feet apart from each other. Each of them was held upright by three steel cables. The bases of the poles were sunk in the ground. They had the shape of electric railway poles and were painted green. Both could be climbed by a row of iron clasps. At the very top of the left pole there was a tiny platform just wide enough to stand on, surrounded by an iron fence. From pole to pole, at the top, there ran a steel shaft with a double crank in the middle, and cords, hung from the two corners of the crank, supported a wooden trapeze. Underneath, on the ground, there was a net, about twenty feet broad and almost eighty feet long. It began six or eight feet in front of the trapeze and ran on from there as far as the fence.

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The man in overalls set the engine going. It was a small automobile engine fixed on a wooden foundation. The cardan shaft could be connected with a vertical bar which rose the whole length of the pole and at the top transferred its movement to the shaft on which the trapeze hung. The engine vibrated but did not make much noise. The man sat down in a leather saddle where he could manipulate pedals and handles in front of him.

Raimar threw down his bottle and went behind a curtain of burlap that probably protected the engine from blown-along sand. He put on his gym costume, a white shirt and black shorts, but after appearing in them he decided to give up the shirt because of the heat. He had no gym shoes with him and kept on his socks. Philip watched him, leaning against the pole. He felt as if Raimar was getting ready to go to bed and might start brushing his teeth the next moment.

"We won't use the engine the first time," Antonio said. "You just go and make your own, free movements. We'll only give you some support."

"I know all about it," Raimar said impatiently. From under his armpits the sweat ran down. He went to the pole and began to climb upwards.

"Do you know how you have to come down in the net?" Antonio called. "Free and relaxed, as though you were sitting down in an easy chair." He spread out his arms and made a rocking, floating gesture. "That's all." Raimar did not answer and climbed on.

Raimar's parents followed him with their eyes contracted. Philip was still wondering why they did not say anything. He supposed that their meeting with Antonio was not the first one, and that they were in a state of permanent discord with him which did not permit any conversation.

Raimar reached the top of the pole. He unfastened a string by means of which he could haul in the trapeze. Then he dried his hands on his shorts, seized the trapeze and pushed off.

He sat down on the trapeze with his back toward the four beneath and began to whistle. Then he set himself swinging

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and waved downwards. He sang *Sweet Little Birdie on the Green Green Twig.* Antonio followed his movements, standing at the end of the net and leaning against it.

"It's fine here," Raimar shouted. "It's quite cool." He formed a swan position and kept swinging, hanging on his knees. Then he sat down again, rubbed his hands along the cords, and began to hang by his hands. In that posture he tried how far he could sway. The crank could move freely, and followed his sweeps.

Antonio shouted that it was enough and Raimar jumped down. His hands did not let loose at the same time. He made twisting movements with his rump while on the way through the air but he could not prevent himself from landing in the net on his side.

Nevertheless Antonio was content. "Not bad," he said when Raimar came up to them, smiling, his arms crossed over his chest. "You have to bend your arms and pull yourself up before you let go," he explained. "Are you tired?" He looked triumplantly at Philip and Raimar's parents.

"No," Raimar said. He raised his elbows and scratched his shoulders. His pale skin was full of freckles. The hair under his armpits was long and the ends of it, turned yellow by the acid of the sweat, stuck together in tangles.

"I always have a great admiration for people who do this kind of thing," Philip said. "But it's nothing for me. I would grow sick from being at such a height."

Some of the people outside the jute fence, most of them weedy boys, had crept underneath it. Antonio ran up to them and they fled.

"They muck up everything," he said. "I've had experience of that. If you ask them they're too lazy to hold a rope or a plank even for a minute. But if it's a question of smashing something, they'll work on for hours." He looked around for some support of his point of view. "You'd be surprised, Mr. Zipper, if you saw what they can do."

Raimar's father was mopping his head with his handkerchief. He nodded, and kept nodding for a while like an advertising dummy for dried soup Philip had once seen in a

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show window. Raimar's mother sucked the last drops out of her bottle and put it down between her knees. Her husband had thrown his down in front of him.

"You really should remove those tufts of hair under your arms," Philip said in an objective tone. "It's no sight for an athlete." Before he had finished speaking, Antonio suggested using the engine.

"We can't rehearse your whole program today," he said. "You've only to know how everything works. Tonight we start with the lamps, tomorrow morning with the music. If we have to we can work tomorrow afternoon, too. Don't worry about the music. You don't have to follow the music. The music follows you."

The trapeze hung free. Raimar climbed the pole, carrying with him a coil of rope, an iron hook attached at the end. With his first cast, he caught the trapeze with the hook, and pulled it in, while below Antonio turned to the thin man and gave him some mumbled orders.

Raimar took his seat on the trapeze and began swinging. The thin man accelerated the engine to give the shaft a little more impetus every time he swung forwards. The only difference from the previous performance was that Raimar swung wider this time.

"That's much easier," he shouted. He began to hang by his hands. He described a half circle.

"It isn't beautiful yet," Antonio said apologizing to Philip. "There's no music and no spotlights. When the lights are on, everything's dark and you only see the trapeze. That's a powerful sight. And he has on a blue acrobat's costume then, and red shoes. The costume and the shoes are luminous. It's called phosphorescent. That means when we put out the light, his clothes and shoes give off light, because they have sucked in the light and radiate it out again."

Philip nodded. Since Antonio was not addressing Raimar's parents, he concluded that they knew all about it, and knew Antonio. Suddenly he decided to go away.

"It's warm enough," he said. "I'll go and see if there's some beer." He thought it would sound more plausible if he

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took the empty bottles with him. He collected them in one hand and began strolling away, but from time to time he stopped and turned around, pretending to be interested in Raimar's proceedings.

On the river banks and even across the river, on the upper deck of a paddle-boat, people stood gazing at the trapeze. They aren't used to seeing much, Philip thought. Any change is welcome.

The workers on the field did not look at the trapeze and worked on. The dwarfs under the stage, however, had crept out as far as the edge of the floor so that they had an unimpeded view and still could enjoy the shelter of the floor. A permanent grin was on their faces.

Philip stopped when he passed the stage and took a rest by leaning against it. Raimar stopped swinging, sat down on the trapeze and shouted something to Antonio Philip took a few steps back toward the group.

"There's just one thing you have to remember," Antonio called back. "It's not difficult. You must only let loose when you are beneath the shaft. Never otherwise."

Raimar nodded and began to hang from the trapeze. Those dirty bits of hair under his arms really should be removed, Philip said to himself. It's a filthy sight.

The engine was giving Raimar support again, and after some swings it was clear that the trapeze was to go up and come down on the other side, describing a full circle. After eight swings it succeeded, though the cords of the trapeze stood limp for a moment. Then the speed was sufficient to keep them tightened. Raimar circled up and down, whirling around and around. His body was tensed like a stick.

Maybe it's difficult, but I can't find it anything to be amazed at, Philip said to himself. If this is called an attraction and a sensation, they don't need much to be contented.

He began to move away again, shoving his feet through the shifting sand, and came back to the stage again. "Dear folks," he mumbled. "Much to my regret I have to leave you." He chinked the bottles together softly.

The dwarfs expressed their amazement at Raimar's feat by

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emitting short little shrieks. They pointed at him with their thick little hands that were almost fists without being closed.

Suddenly he heard the engine give a loud bang, followed by a grating sigh. It had stopped. The engineer beat on a knob with all his might, but he did not let the long handle go. The shaft moved on jerkily for a couple of seconds. Then, in a horizontal position directly above Antonio and Raimar's parents, it came to an abrupt standstill.

"Hold tight! Hold tight!" Antonio shouted.

The trapeze was on its way down. Propelled by its speed and Raimar's weight it began describing a curve around the shaft and rose up on the other side. One of the cords struck the shaft itself and the other cord went limp. The momentum of the trapeze brought it straight above the shaft. Raimar stood upright in the air, his head down. Then both cords went limp. Raimar still kept hold of the trapeze. The dwarfs made little cooing sounds of horror and began screaming to each other. Antonio shouted again to hold fast.

Raimar began his fall. He took one hand from the trapeze but then replaced it. He contracted his body. His mother stood up, spread out her arms and uttered a long, high-pitched cry. She leant too far backwards in order to look up, lost her balance, and came down in a sitting position.

Raimar dived right onto the shaft. He hit it forcefully with the middle of his crown. It made a short, dull sound.

Philip began to step backwards. He stumbled, but kept his balance. "Tok!" he mumbled. "Tok!" He kept his grip on the bottles.

Raimar had opened his hands. His body had lost its tension. It fell half toppled over, with the head first. The trapeze accompanied it till it was stopped by its cords. Then Raimar fell alone. His feet hit the edge of the net. Then his body crashed to the ground with a thud that threw up sand.

The trapeze, dancing, sought its former position. The dwarfs tried to disappear under the stage, but in their hurry they bumped into each other and toppled over.

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Philip began to run. He ran with all his might, tripping over the rough ground. The bottles chinked as he stumbled through patches of sand. "Tok! Tok!" he repeated, his teeth clenched together.

He dived underneath the jute, reached the paved stretch along the shore and stormed on to the bridge. He did not look at the ground as he ran. Everywhere there were weathered, yellowed sandwich papers that tried to clutch at his shoes. He uttered little cries when he kicked them away.

Masses of people streamed down from the bridge along the steps. He made his way up with hisses and growls.

Halfway over the bridge he took a moment's rest, leaning gasping over the railing. All the people on the field had gathered at the foot of the poles. Even the entrance gate had been abandoned and onlookers streamed inside.

"Go home calmly, all of you," he said. "The next of kin will be informed." He wanted to make a conjuring gesture and suddenly felt the presence of the bottles. One by one he let them drop into the depths. They did not float: they fell from so high that after diving into the grey, whirling water they were filled before they were able to ascend to the surface.

He ran on. At the end of the bridge the streetcar he wanted had just left. He waited and bought an icecream at a store near the stop. In front of the place a beggar was sitting on a newspaper and playing a zither which was inaudible because of the traffic. If I had given him the bottles, he would have had a big day, Philip thought. You can change them anywhere. Now they are at the bottom of the cold, cold water. He worried that small fish might build their homes inside, grow bigger, and not be able to go out any more.

His eyes fell upon an old handwritten piece of paper pasted to a lamp post and announcing that a certain Frau Patschke, Esterhazygasse 12, had on June 23rd lost a red woolen pullover somewhere near the Reichsbrucke. People were kindly requested to return it if found. I might go there some day and give her an enormous kick, he thought. He tried to damage the paper by scratching but it was stuck irremovably to the post.

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Bathers and walkers from the river banks gathered at the stop and formed a crowd. He decided to kick the people around him if it was difficult to get on the streetcar. When it came he threw himself onto the platform, almost starting a quarrel when his foot stubbed against a woman's stocking.

"When people can expect that streets and streetcars will be crowded they should stay at home if they don't have to go out for urgent reasons," he replied to her remark. 'Then those who really are in a hurry can travel undisturbed." In fact, I am in a hurry, he thought. I haven't got a start of more than half an hour.

He got an immediate connection at the transfer. He found the street door open, ran up the stairs and went into the apartment.

The sun had come around the corner and was shining inside at a sharp angle through the fine, beige curtains. The heat made everything shake and tremble in front of his eyes. He took his knapsack out of the bedroom and put the strap over his shoulder.

He looked around to see if any of his belongings were lying about. A souvenir, he thought. Shouldn't I take a small souvenir with me? A memento of the carefree time I spent with you. He could not see anything he would like to take. On the windowsill there was a big yellow bowl with wax fruits. They were insensitive to the heat; they had not been softened at all by it and he could only damage them by scratching them with great force with his nails. He twisted a grape off its steel thread, tried to bite into it, and then crushed it under his foot.

He started a quick investigation of the living room. There was nothing of interest on the sideboard. On the mantelpiece there was only the porcelain lion with a part of a forepaw missing. "Nothing," he mumbled. He doubted whether it was wise to stay any longer, but a great desire to search had come over him. There must be photographs, letters, he thought. He wanted to destroy them.

The sharp, pervading smell of perfume affected his nerves. Dust motes danced in the sunlight. He went to the window

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and looked over the room with his back to the light. "A little housesearch," he whispered. Then he turned around and dreamily stared outside.

He stood at the toilet table. Still looking outside, he let his hand fumble over the mass of little bottles and jars. Below, two officers were leading a soldier into the courtyard. He had on his full uniform and his helmet, and was loaded with a full rucksack. At a sign from one of the officers he began running around the courtyard. Philip pushed a corner of the curtains aside and laid his cheek against the pane. There must be a special reason for letting someone run in that abundance of clothes in such a heat, he thought. Medical advice.

He began investigating the contents of the bottles and boxes on the table. Nothing of interest, he concluded after a couple of tests at random. By now I've seen everything that's in plain sight. But what's inside doors and drawers, that's what counts.

In the sideboard there were only cups, plates and bowls, not even sweets. The other furniture only contained clothes and shoes, rather a lot of clothes, but nothing else.

Below the officers were shouting. Philip went back to the window. The two officers had taken up positions in opposite corners of the yard and the soldier had to pass between each of them and the wall. This, Philip understood, was to prevent him from making the circuit too small. Perhaps he had to run a fixed number of rounds.

One of the officers, Philip saw now, was holding a small brilliant object in his palm, most probably a watch, and he looked at it from time to time. The soldier had slackened speed and the officer with the little object gave him a forceful kick in passing, and roared something at him. Soldiers in their underclothes came to hang out of the narrow windows of the cinema, smoking.

"Well done!" Philip said softly. He pushed up the window and stuck out his head. "Everybody should kick around him as much as possible." He put his lips between his teeth and bit them at the same rhythm as the soldier's

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double. His hand was again on the toilet table. His fingertips touched a little box and pushed off the lid. He turned to look and saw that it was a little square box of green plastic, the lid of which was covered with imitation turtoise shell. He removed the lid completely. He felt folded paper inside. Immediately he shook the box empty. The papers were notes. He unfolded them and counted. It was four thousand three hundred Schillings in hundred Schilling notes.

"Four thousand three hundred," he said out loud. "Not bad. How mysterious the ways of fate are." His first impulse was to fold the notes together and simply put them into his pocket. I'm a great big misfit, he thought. They know my name. How can anyone be so stupid as to give his real name? And they know I'm from Munich. I even told them that.

His visiting card still lay on the table. He stretched out his hand to destroy it, but then withdrew it. If the card's gone, they'll understand it immediately, he said to himself.

There was no other paper in the box, no old ticket even, no scrap of paper with additions, or the like. The soldiers in the windows of the cinema began hooting. He put the window down.

I can't take it all, he thought. But I can take part of it. He took nine hundred Schillings. The amount left was not so different from what it had been, since only the cyphers had changed place. Of course it will be a disappointment when they find it's thirty-four instead of forty-three, he thought. But they'll take it for a mistake of their own, and go on saving money all the more assiduously in future. He closed the little box.

Suddenly he thought of the key. He would leave it, very decently, in a place where it could be easily found. He looked around. The doll on the settee looked at him with a provoking little smile. He walked up to it and tried to put the key in its hand, but it was of one piece, without separate fingers. "Damn it," he mumbled. "I haven't got any time any more." He considered that he still had a little bit of time in which he could break whatever he wanted. He could

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crush pottery, cut open mattresses, empty all the toilet bottles over everything in capricious ways. "I would like it," he whispered. "I would like it very much. In fact, I'd be delighted. But there's no time."

Nevertheless he turned to the toilet table. The big spot from the flask overturned by Mrs. Zipper was still wet. He took a little bottle of nail varnish and opened it. "Whose turn is it?" he called softly, dancing tiptoe through the room. He dropped a little of the fluid on the doll's crown. "That's very good if you've fallen on your head and hurt yourself," he said. He tried to stick the key on the doll's hand with the varnish, but it had no gluing power. He closed the bottle and put it back. The doll was still smiling when he turned around.

"I know where I'll leave the key," he said out loud. He grasped the doll's neck and thrust the bit of the key into its mouth. The stiff linen of the little pink lips snapped. He bent one of the arms and set it pointing at the key.

Then he left. On the way down he again had a view of the courtyard through a little window. The soldier was still running. It would be better with sticks, he thought. A drubbing with sticks. The officers were probably tired; they were no longer kicking the soldier.

He inspected the contents of his knapsack to see if everything was there. He looked at the two little capsules in the box that were still left. I must save them, he thought. One for in the train, but not earlier. The last one in Salzburg. Then I'll get some more.

He went pensively down the stairs. No, he won't be gone yet, he said to himself. I think he's still at the *Metropole.* He won't go alone if he goes back to Munich. He needs somebody to walk behind him with the whole stock while he himself passes the inspection tables smiling, with only a thin little briefcase. Mister Smile.

He came outside without having met anybody. He was not certain about what he was going to do. In a train the temperature would be unbearable and he decided not to leave until the end of the afternoon. He walked to the post office beside the station.

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The girl of the general delivery department smiled at him before he had got to the window and shook her head. She knew him already. He made a slight bow, left, and bought a ticket at the station. Then he strolled toward town and had two drinks in the first café he came to. He felt exhausted and noticed the beginning of a headache. In the pink mirrors of the café he could see that his face was no longer tense. It was flabby and his eyes looked watery. He was tempted to go to the lavatory and take one of the two capsules, but he did not. He paid and left. A couple of streets farther on he went into another café and had two more drinks.

He decided that spending money on drinks in cafés was not the right thing, and in a shop he had half a pint of brandy put in his camping flask. Then he sat down on a bench in a small park between two traffic lanes, and began smoking and drinking. His lips were chapped and hurt. I need a straw, he thought, got up and went into a shop, but they were only sold by the gross, in packages. He went back to the bench.

He went on drinking and sank into a doze. Now and then he looked at his watch, but it was not reliable, probably sand had got into it. With great effort he went to the corner a few times to look at the clock of a watchmaker. He began to feel drunk.

At five o'clock he went to the station again and watched the express from Salzburg come in. He waited till the platform was empty. By then he was so tired that he had to sit down on an abandoned porter's cart, shaking his head as though he wanted to rid himself of the swarm of buzzing and grating sounds around him.

He did not leave yet. The Copenhagen express arrived. He tried to be observant, as the train had come through Salzburg, but there was such an overwhelming crowd that he could not look at everyone.

Once again the platform emptied. Two boys in hiking dress, a blue flag with a yellow cross stuck on their sleeves, put their heavy rucksacks on the cart where Philip was sitting. They began deliberating in high gutteral sounds, looking nervously around them.

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"Denmark, isn't it?" Philip asked slowly. "Yes, yes, Denmark." The boys only stared at him with a frightened look. Philip understood that he had to say more.

"If you're looking for a good place to put up your tent, I can tell you what," he said. "You take a streetcar and you go as far as the Reichsbrucke." He repeated the name. "There's a marvellous open field as far as you can see." The boys only kept staring at him.

"There's a circus there, too," Philip went on, twisting his mouth to enunciate clearly. "Well, a circus, it isn't exactly a circus. Call it a variety. No, it isn't variety. You could say that it's a dance and sport rally. Yes, that's the best name for it. There's also been an accident. Somebody fell down out of the sky. But you haven't to mind that. Accidents happen everywhere. But that field is so enormously big! You can go as far as you want."

Why don't they go and look? he thought. I can take care of the luggage. Of course I'll allow myself a short search through it, but that's the usual check. There has to be a check. Control must be.

The boys hurriedly loaded the packs on their backs and headed for the exit. Philip kept sitting for a while, then he, too, left the station.

He went to the post office again. He stood behind other people so that the girl could not see him until he stood in front of her. She immediately shook her head.

"I thought something might have come in with one of the trains," he said, pointing in the direction of the station.

"No, nothing," she said, spreading out her arms. "It doesn't go so fast."

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you," he said. "I'm sorry to have annoyed you. Really, you must believe me. I'm terribly sorry." He burst out into wild laughter and turned around. The visitors were frightened and made way for him. He bumped against the self-closing door and waggled outside.

In the center of the town he sat down on the stone steps of a bombed-out house, where he could watch the traffic.

It grew later and he still kept sitting, now and then smok-

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ing and gradually emptying the camping flask. Once he left his seat to buy some sodawater and sausages at a stand. When the flask was empty he leaned against a wall beside him and waited for the time to pass. Now and then he would utter a soft curse.

Hours passed and night was falling. The streetlamps were turned on and still he sat on the steps. He did not sleep, but watched the passing figures like a convalescent from behind a window. He decided to take the train that left shortly after midnight.

Thirst forced him to get up and look for something to drink. He was half sober again. The sausage stand had disappeared. It was eleven o'clock.

He went into a small café. An orchestra of two accordianists and two violinists had just stopped playing. All four of them were drunk. They packed up their instruments amidst continuous stumbling, beating each others' shoulders and backs and screaming at each other through sprinklings of flaky spittle. The few customers, probably from the neighborhood, laughed and applauded.

He had beer. An old woman came in to sell newspapers. He first said no thanks, but he called her back and bought an evening edition. If it's in it, it's a proof of fast news service, he thought.

He searched through the paper. On the third page he found a small headline: *Amateur Acrobat Killed in Fall.* He folded the paper together and looked around him to see if anybody was watching him. He paid, left, and hurried back to the stone steps. There he opened the paper again. The item ran: *Vienna, August 17. Today at 12:45 the eighteen-year-old assistant waiter Raimar Zipper was killed in a fall from a 116-foot high 'sling tower' erected on the open field at Reichsbrucke. The accident, which took place during an acrobatic rehearsal attended by around a hundred people, was caused by an irregularity in the driving engine, which compelled the acrobat to jump prematurely so that he missed the net. The sling tower is a new acrobatic sensation, consisting of two high metal or wooden poles between which a turning crankshaft moves a swing or*

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trapeze. At the end of the demonstration the acrobat is swung around through the air at a high speed and lets himself be thrown upwards thirty feet into the air, to be caught in a ground net. Similar installations have been used at performances at Syracusis and Milan, where no incidents or defects were noticed. Vienna police officers have distrained the installation pending investigation.

He tore the item out and left the rest of the newspaper on the sidewalk. He sauntered away, holding the scrap of paper and reading it over and over. He went into a cafeteria and bought an icecream. They don't write that he hit the shaft, he thought, sitting on a stool. The whole description is inaccurate. But it doesn't make a great deal of difference.

He ate his icecream attentively, watching the time. But we can be sure now that he was eighteen, he said to himself. And he was an amateur. And he did have that hotel job. It is the truth. The whole truth.

Several questions still occupied him. He asked himself whether Raimar's parents would have been surprised at his disappearance. They should make haste with the burial, in this heat, he thought. He tore the scrap of paper into little pieces and held them in his hand because he did not dare scatter them on the floor.

It was time for him to leave. He threw away the bits of paper on his way to the streetcar stop. Then he got into the streetcar and went to the station.

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THE MAGICIAN

Always above, on a stair, in a tower,
the diamond-eyed magician treds the air,
and dabbles in the witchcraft of perfection,
waving wands, batons of ideation,
he reasons, rich and rash as all heretics,
and plains a song as pure as mathematics

At flawless dawn he rises, like the wind,
unreels the murky crystal of the mind
to catch the sun with dappled eloquence,
unsheathes the shady snakes of idle sense
and drives them into shining-shafted logic,
the source and sorcerer of honest magic.

His art is long who wakes at dawn to see
the evolution of a single day.
He fools the time that dawdles in a clock,
and plans enchantment for a lasting trick.
In castled air and guarded by a moat
his magic moves canonic with the light;

But light as air, the wilful conjurer
instructs his art at night to disappear.
No dying cadence clutters permanence;
he keeps his craft as wise as innocence,
to rise again with every crafty dawn,
with tower and stair and reason to begin.

So magic ever was a morning vision!
Up at six, the diamond-eyed magician
will burn through all the elemental dark
and strike the sulphur spirit like a spark,
and shake the genii of our bottled sleep,
and wake us like the wizardry of hope.

—JANE MAYHALL

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Abruptly he was conscious of a dry, parched thirst. He rose to his feet. He put on a robe, and hobbled out into the hallway toward the water-cooler. There he saw Mannix, naked except for a towel around his waist, massing his slob and groping way down the hall. He was blind and enormous, and as he inched his way toward the shower-room, clawing at the wall for support, his face with its clenched lips and taut, drawn-down mouth was one of tortured and gigantic suffering. The swelling at his ankle was the size of a grapefruit, an ugly blue, and this leg he dragged behind him, a dead weight no longer capable of motion.

Culver started to limp toward him, said "Hey-" in an effort to help him along, but just then a Negro maid, bespectacled, bandanna'd, came swinging along with a mop, stopped, seeing him, crossed the slippery tiles where she was humming, too, and said, "Oh my, you poor man. What you been doin'? Do it hurt?" Culver halted.

"Do it hurt?" she repeated, "Oh I bet it does. Deed it does." Mannix looked up at her from the short yards that separated them, silent, blinking. Culver would remember this: the two of them communicating across that chasm over unspoken moment of sympathy and understanding before the woman. ~~finally realized~~, said again, "Deed it does," and before, almost precisely the same instant, the towel slipped away slowly from Mannix's waist and fell with a plop plop to the floor; Mannix then, standing there, heaving dizzily and clutching for support at the wall, a mass of scars and naked as the day he emerged from his mother's womb, save for the soap which he clutched feebly in one hand. He seemed to have neither the strength nor the ability to lean down and retrieve the towel, and so he merely stood there huge and naked in the slanting dusty light and blinked and ~~turned~~ finally, a sour apologetic smile. "Deed it does," he said.

THE END

Oh Deed it does Negro "Butler," crowned

The above extract is the last manuscript page of William Styron's *The Long March*, a short story of near novella length written in Paris and published in the first issue of *Discovery*.

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THE ART OF FICTION V

WILLIAM STYRON

William Styron is the first of the 'young writers' to be interviewed by this magazine. He was born 28 years ago in Newport News, Virginia, a section he grew up in and which provided the locale for his first novel—*Lie Down in Darkness*. This novel, published three years ago, won Styron immediate standing among the best of contemporary writers, and besides critical acclaim gained him the Prix de Rome for Literature.

He was interviewed in Paris, in early autumn, at Patricks, a café on the Boulevard Montparnasse which has little to distinguish it from its neighbors—the Dome, the Rotonde, Le Chaplain—but a faintly better brand of coffee. Across the Boulevard from the cafe and its sidewalk tables, a red poster portrays a skeletal family. They are behind bars, and

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the caption reads, TAKE YOUR VACATION IN HAPPY RUSSIA. The lower part of the poster has been ripped and scarred and plastered with stickers shouting, LES AMERICANS EN AMERIQUE!, U.S. GO HOME! An adjoining poster advertises carbonated water. PERRIER! it sings, L'EAU QUI FAIT PSCHITT! The sun reflects strongly off their vivid colors, and Styron, shading his eyes, peers down into his coffee. He is a young man of good appearance, though not this afternoon; he is a little paler than is healthy in this quiet hour when the denizens of the quarter lie hiding, their weak night eyes insulted by the light.

INTERVIEWERS

You were about to tell us when you started to write.

STYRON

What? Oh yes. Write. I figure I must have been about thirteen. I wrote an imitation Conrad thing, *Typhoon and the Tor Bay* it was called, you know, a ship's hold swarming with crazy chinks. I think I had some sharks in there, too. I gave it the full treatment.

INTERVIEWERS

And how did you happen to start? That is, why did you want to write?

STYRON

I wish I knew. I wanted to express myself, I guess. But after *Typhoon and the Tor Bay*, I didn't give writing another thought until I went to Duke University and landed in a creative writing course under William Blackburn. He was the one who got me started.

INTERVIEWERS

What value has the creative writing course for young writers?

STYRON

It gives them a start, I suppose. But it can be an awful waste of time. Look at those people who go back year after year to summer writer's conferences, you get so you can pick them out a mile away. A writing course can only start, and help a little. It can't teach writing. The professor should

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weed out the good from the bad, cull them like a farmer, and not encourage the ones who haven't got something. At one school I know in New York which has a lot of writing courses there are a couple of teachers who moon in the most disgusting way over the poorest, most talentless, writers, giving false hope where there shouldn't be any hope at all. Regularly they put out dreary little anthologies, the quality of which would chill your blood. It's a ruinous business, a waste of paper and time, and such teachers should be abolished.

INTERVIEWERS

The average teacher can't teach anything about technique or style?

STYRON

Well, he can teach you something in the matters of technique. You know—don't tell a story from two points of view and that sort of thing. But I don't think even the most conscientious and astute teachers can teach anything about style. Style only comes after long, hard practice and writing.

INTERVIEWERS

Do you enjoy writing?

STYRON

I certainly don't. I get a fine warm feeling when I'm doing well, but that pleasure is pretty much negated by the pain of getting started each day. Let's face it, writing is hell.

INTERVIEWERS

How many pages do you turn out each day?

STYRON

When I'm writing steadily—that is, when I'm involved in a project which I'm really interested in, one of those rare pieces which has a forseeable end—I average two-and-a-half or three pages a day, longhand on yellow sheets. I spend about five hours at it, of which very little is spent actually writing. I try to get a feeling of what's going on in the story before I put it down on paper, but actually most of this breaking-in period is one long, fantastic daydream, in which I think about

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anything but the work at hand. I can't turn out slews of stuff each day. I wish I could. I seem to have some neurotic need to perfect each paragraph—each sentence, even—as I go along.

INTERVIEWERS

And what time of the day do you find best for working?

STYRON

The afternoon. I like to stay up late at night and get drunk and sleep late. I wish I could break the habit but I can't. The afternoon is the only time I have left and I try to use it to the best advantage, with a hangover.

INTERVIEWERS

Do you use a notebook?

STYRON

No, I don't feel the need for it. I've tried but it does no good, since I've never used what I've written down. I think the use of a notebook depends upon the individual.

INTERVIEWERS

Do you find you need seclusion?

STYRON

I find it's difficult to write in complete isolation. I think it would be hard for me on a South Sea island or in the Maine woods. I like company and entertainment, people around. The actual process of writing, though, demands complete, noiseless privacy, without even music; a baby howling two blocks away will drive me nuts.

INTERVIEWERS

Does your emotional state have any bearing on your work?

STYRON

I guess like everybody I'm emotionally fouled up most of the time but I find I do better when I'm relatively placid. It's hard to say, though. If writers had to wait until their precious psyches were completely serene there wouldn't be much writing done. Actually—though I don't take advan-

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tage of the fact as much as I should—I find that I'm simply the happiest, the placidest, *when* I'm writing and so I suppose that that, for me, is the final answer. When I'm writing I find it's the only time that I feel completely self-possessed, even when the writing itself is not going too well. It's fine therapy for people who are perpetually scared of nameless threats like I am most of the time. For jittery people. Besides, I've discovered that when I'm not writing I'm prone to developing certain nervous tics, and hypochondria. Writing alleviates those quite a bit. I think I resist change more than most people. I dislike travelling, like to stay settled. When I first came to Paris all I could think about was going home, home to the old James River. One of these days I expect to inherit a peanut farm. Go back home and farm them old peanuts and be real old Southern whiskey gentry.

INTERVIEWERS

Your novel was linked to the Southern school of fiction. Do you think the critics were justified in doing this?

STYRON

No, frankly, I don't consider myself in the Southern School, whatever that is. *Lie Down in Darkness*, or most of it, was set in the South, but I don't care if I never write about the South again, really. Only certain things in the book are particularly Southern. I used leit-motifs—the Negroes, for example—that run throughout the book, but I would like to believe that my people would have behaved the way they did anywhere. The girl, Peyton, for instance, didn't have to come from Virginia. She would have wound up jumping from a window no matter where she came from. Critics are always linking writers to "schools." If they couldn't link people to schools, they'd die. When what they condescendingly call "a genuinely fresh talent" arrives on the scene, the critics rarely try to point out what makes him fresh or genuine but concentrate instead on how he behaves in accordance with their preconceived notion of what school he belongs to.

INTERVIEWERS

You don't find that it's true of most of the so-called Southern novels that the reactions of their characters are universal?

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STYRON

Look, I don't mean to repudiate my Southern background completely, but I don't believe that the South alone produces "universal" literature. That universal quality comes far more from a single writer's mind and his individual spirit than from his background. Faulkner's a writer of extraordinary stature more because of the great breadth of his vision than because he happened to be born in Mississippi. All you have to do is read one issue of the *Times Book Review* to see how much junk comes out regularly from south of the Mason-Dixon line, along with the good stuff. I have to admit, though, that the South has a definite literary tradition, which is the reason it probably produces a better quality of writing, proportionately. Perhaps it's just true that Faulkner, if he had been born in, say, Pasadena, might very well still have had that universal quality of mind, but instead of writing *Light in August* he would have gone into television or written universal ads for Jantzen bathing suits.

INTERVIEWERS

Well, why do you think this Southern tradition exists at all?

STYRON

Well, first, there's that old heritage of Biblical rhetoric and story-telling. Then the South simply provides such wonderful material. Take, for instance, the conflict between the ordered Protestant tradition, the fundamentalism based on the Old Testament, and the Twentieth Century—movies, cars, television. The poetic juxtapositions you find in this conflict—a crazy colored preacher howling those tremendously moving verses from *Isaiah*, 40, while riding around in a maroon Packard. It's wonderful stuff and comparatively new, too, which is perhaps why the renaissance of Southern writing coincided with these last few decades of the machine age. If Faulkner had written in the 1880's he would have been writing, no doubt, safely within the tradition, but his novels would have been genteel novels, like those of George Washington Cable or Thomas Nelson Page. In fact, the modern South is such powerful material that the author runs the danger of capturing the local color and feeling that's enough. He gets so bemused by decaying mansions that he forgets to populate them with people. I'm beginning to feel

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that it's a good idea for writers who come from the South, at least some of them, to break away a little from all them magnolias.

INTERVIEWERS

You refer a number of times to Faulkner. Even though you don't think of yourself as a "Southern" writer, would you say that he influenced you?

STYRON

I would certainly say so. I'd say I had been influenced as much, though, by Joyce and Flaubert. Old Joyce and Flaubert have influenced me stylistically, given me arrows, but then a lot of the contemporary works I've read have influenced me as a craftsman. Dos Passos, Scott Fitzgerald, both have been valuable in teaching me how to write the novel, but not many of these modern people have contributed much to my *emotional* climate. Joyce comes closest, but the strong influences are out of the past—the Bible, Marlowe, Blake, Shakespeare. As for Flaubert, *Madame Bovary* is one of the few novels that moves me in every way, not only in its style, but in its total communicability, like the effect of good poetry. What I really mean is that a great book should leave you with many experiences, and slightly exhausted at the end. You live several lives while reading it. Its writer should, too. Without condescending he should be conscious of himself as a reader, and while he's writing it he should be able to step outside of it from time to time and say to himself: "Now if I were just *reading* this book, would I like this part here?" I have the feeling that that's what Flaubert did—maybe too much, though, finally, in books like *Sentimental Education*.

INTERVIEWERS

While we're skirting this question, do you think Faulkner's experiments with time in *The Sound and the Fury* are justified?

STYRON

Justified? Yes, I do.

INTERVIEWERS

Successful, then.

STYRON

No, I don't think so. Faulkner doesn't give enough help

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to the reader. I'm all for the complexity of Faulkner but not for the confusion. That goes for Joyce, too. All that fabulously beautiful poetry in the last part of *Finnegans Wake* is pretty much lost to the world simply because not many people are ever going to put up with the chaos that precedes it. As for *The Sound and the Fury*, I think it succeeds in spite of itself. Faulkner often simply stays too damn intense for too long a time. It ends up being great stuff, somehow, though, and the marvel is how it could be so wonderful being pitched for so long in that one high, prolonged, delirious key.

INTERVIEWERS

Was the problem of time development acute in the writing of *Lie Down in Darkness*?

STYRON

Well, the book started with the man, Loftis, standing at the station with the hearse, waiting for the body of his daughter to arrive from up North. I wanted to give him density, but all the tragedy in his life had happened in the past. So the problem was to get into the past, and this man's tragedy, without breaking the story. It stumped me for a whole year. Then it finally occurred to me to use separate moments in time, four or five long dramatic scenes revolving around the daughter, Peyton, at different stages in her life. The business of the progression of time seems to me one of the most difficult problems a novelist has to cope with.

INTERVIEWERS

Did you prefigure the novel? How much was planned when you started?

STYRON

Very little. I knew about Loftis and all his domestic troubles. I had the funeral. I had the girl in mind, and her suicide in Harlem. I thought I knew why, too. But that's all I had.

INTERVIEWERS

Did you start with emphasis on character or story?

STYRON

Character, definitely. And by character I mean a person drawn full-round, not a caricature. E. M. Forster refers to

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"flat" and "round" characters. I try to make all of mine round. It takes an extrovert like Dickens to make flat characters come alive. But story as such has been neglected by today's introverted writers. Story and character should grow together; I think I'm lucky so far in that in practically everything I've tried to write these two elements have grown together. They must, to give an impression of life being lived, just because each man's life is a story, if you'll pardon the cliché. I used to spend a lot of time worrying over word order, trying to create beautiful passages. I still believe in the value of a handsome style. I appreciate the sensibility which can produce a nice turn of phrase, like Scott Fitzgerald. But I'm not interested anymore in turning out something shimmering and impressionistic—Southern, if you will—full of word-pictures, damn Dixie baby-talk, and that sort of thing. I guess I just get more and more interested in people. And story.

INTERVIEWERS

Are your characters real-life or imaginary ?

STYRON

I don't know if that's answerable. I really think frankly, though, that most of my characters come closer to being entirely imaginary than the other way around. Maybe that's because they all seem to end up, finally, closer to being like myself than to people I've actually observed. I sometimes feel that the characters I've created are not much more than sort of projected facets of myself, and I believe that a lot of fictional characters have been created that way.

INTERVIEWERS

How far removed must you be from your subject matter?

STYRON

Pretty far. I don't think people can write immediately, and well, about an experience emotionally close to them. I have a feeling, for example, that I won't be able to write about all the time I've spent in Europe until I get back to America.

INTERVIEWERS

Do you feel yourself to be in competition with other writers?

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STYRON

No, I don't. "Some of my best friends are writers." In America there seems to be an idea that writing is one big cat-and-dog fight between the various practitioners of the craft. Got to hole up in the woods. Me, I'm a farmer, I don't know no writers. Hate writers. That sort of thing. I think that just as in everything else writers can be too cozy and cliquish and end up nervous and incestuous and scratching each other's back. In London once I was at a party where everything was so literary and famous and intimate that if the place had suddenly been blown up by dynamite it would have demolished the flower of British letters. But I think that in the U. S. writers could stand a bit more of the attitude which prevailed in France in the last century. Flaubert and de Maupassant, Victor Hugo and de Musset, they didn't suffer from knowing each other. Turgenev knew Gogol. Chekhov knew Tolstoy and Andreiev, and Gorki knew all three. I think it was Henry James who said of Hawthorne that he might have been even better than he was if he had occasionally communicated a little bit more with others working at the same sort of thing. A lot of this philosophy of isolation in America is a dreary pose. I'm not advocating a Writer's Supper Club on Waverly Place, just for chums in the business, or a union, or anything like that, but I do think that writers in America might somehow benefit by the attitude that, what the hell, we're all in this together, instead of all my pals are bartenders on Third Avenue. As a matter of fact, I do have a pal who's a bartender on Third Avenue, but he's a part-time writer on the side.

INTERVIEWERS

In general, what do you think of critics, since they are a subject which must be close to a writer's heart?

STYRON

From the writers' point of view, critics should be ignored, although it's hard not to do what they suggest. I think it's unfortunate to have critics for friends. Suppose you write something that stinks, what are they going to say in a review? Say it stinks? So if they're honest they do, and if you were friends you're still friends, but the knowledge of your lousy writing and their articulate admission of it will be always

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something between the two of you, like the knowledge between a man and his wife of some shady adultery. I know very few critics, but I usually read their reviews. Bad notices always give me a sense of humility, or perhaps humiliation, even when there's a tone of envy or sour-grapes or even ignorance in them, but they don't help me much. When *Lie Down in Darkness* came out, my home town paper scraped up the local literary figure to review the book, a guy who'd written something on hydraulics, I think, and he came to the conclusion that I was a decadent writer. Styron is a decadent writer, he said, because he writes a line like "the sea sucking at the shore," when for that depraved bit he should have substituted "the waves lapping at the shore." Probably his hydraulic background. No, I'm afraid I don't think much of critics for the most part, although I have to admit that some of them have so far treated me quite kindly. Look, there's only one person a writer should listen to, pay any attention to. It's not any damn critic. It's the reader. And that doesn't mean any compromise or sell-out. The writer must criticize his own work as a reader. Every day I pick up the story or whatever it is I've been working on and read it through. If I enjoy it as a reader then I know I'm getting along all right.

INTERVIEWERS

In your preface to the first issue of this magazine you speak of there being signs in the air that this generation can and will produce literature to rank with any other generation. What are these signs? And do you consider yourself, perhaps, a spokesman for this new generation?

STYRON

What the hell is a spokesman, anyway? I hate the idea of spokesmen. Everybody, especially the young ones, in the writing game jockeying into position to give a name for a generation. I must confess that I was guilty of that in the preface, too. But don't you think it's tiresome, really, all these so-called spokesmen trumpeting around, elbowing each other out of the way to see who'll be the first to give a new and original name to twenty-five million people: the "Beat" Generation, or the "Silent" Generation, and God knows what-all? I think the damn generation should be let alone.

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And that goes for the eternal idea of competition—whether the team of new writers can beat the team of Dos Passos, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway. As I read in a review not long ago, by some fellow reviewing an anthology of new writing which had just that sort of proprietary essay in it and which compared the new writers with the ones of the '20's, the reviewer said, in effect, what the hell, there's plenty of *liebestraum* for everybody.

INTERVIEWERS

But you *did* say, in the preface, just what we were speaking of—that this generation can and will—.

STYRON

(*Interrupting*). Yes, can and will produce literature equal to that of any other generation, especially that of the '20's. It was probably rash to say, but I don't see any reason to recant. For instance, I think those "signs in the air" are apparent from just three first novels, those being *From Here to Eternity*, *The Naked and the Dead*, and *Other Voices, Other Rooms*. It's true that a first novel is far from a fair standard with which to judge a writer's potential, future output, but aren't those three novels far superior to the first novels of Dos Passos, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald? In fact I think one of those novels—*The Naked and the Dead*—is so good by itself that it can stand up respectably well with the *mature* work of any of those writers of the '20's But there I go again, talking in competition with the older boys. Anyway, I think that a lot of the younger writers around today are stuffed with talent. A lot of them, it's true, are shameless and terrible self-promoters—mainly the members of what a friend of mine calls "the fairy axis"—but they'll drop by the wayside and don't count for much anyway. The others, including the ones I've mentioned, plus people like Salinger and Carson McCullers and Hortense Calisher—all those have done, and will go on doing, fine work, unless somebody drops an atom bomb on them, or they get locked up in jail by Velde and that highly cultured crowd.

INTERVIEWERS

Speaking of atom bombs and Representative Velde, among

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other such contemporary items, do you think—as some people have been saying—that the young writer today works at a greater disadvantage than those of preceding—uh... generations?

STYRON

Hell no, I don't. Writers ever since writing began have had problems and the main problem narrows down to just one word—life. Certainly this might be an age of so-called faithlessness and despair we live in, but the new writers haven't cornered any market on faithlessness and despair, anymore than Dostoievski or Marlowe or Sophocles did. Every age has its terrible aches and pains, its peculiar new horrors, and every writer since the beginning of time, just like other people, has been afflicted by what that same friend of mine calls "the fleas of life"—you know, colds, hangovers, bills, sprained ankles, and little nuisances of one sort or another. *They* are the constants of life, at the core of life, along with nice little delights that come along every now and then. Dostoievski had them and Marlowe had them and we all have them, and they're a hell of a lot more invariable than nuclear fission or the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. So is Love invariable, and Unrequited Love, and Death and Insult and Hilarity. Mark Twain was as baffled and appalled by Darwin's theories as anyone else, and those theories seemed as monstrous to the Victorians as atomic energy, but he still wrote about riverboats and old Hannibal, Missouri. No, I don't think the writer today is any worse off than at any other time. It's true that in Russia he might as well be dead and that in Youngstown, Ohio, that famous police chief, whatever his name is, has taken to inspecting and banning books. But in America he can still write practically anything he pleases, so long as it isn't scandalous or pornographic. Also in America he certainly doesn't have to starve, and there are few writers so economically strapped that they can't turn out work regularly. In fact, a couple of young writers—and good writers—are damn near millionaires.

INTERVIEWERS

Then you believe in success for a writer? Financial, that is, as well as critical?

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STYRON

I sure do. I certainly have sympathy for a writer who hasn't made enough to live comfortably—comfortably, I mean, not necessarily lavishly—because I've been colossally impoverished at times, but impoverished writers remind me of Somerset Maugham's remark about multilingual people. He admired them, he said, but did not find that their condition made them necessarily wise.

INTERVIEWERS

But getting back to the original point—in *Lie Down in Darkness* didn't your heroine commit suicide on the day the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima? This seems to us to be a little bit more than fortuitous symbolism, and perhaps to indicate a sense of that inescapable and overpowering despair of our age which you just denied was our peculiar lot.

STYRON

That was just gilding the lily. If I were writing the same thing now I'd leave that out and have her jump on the Fourth of July. Really, I'm not trying to be rosy about things like the atom bomb and war and the failure of the Presbyterian Church. Those things are awful. All I'm trying to say is that those things don't alter one bit a writer's fundamental problems, which are Love, Requited and Unrequited, Insult, et cetera.

INTERVIEWERS

Then you believe that young writers today have no cause to be morbid and depressing, which is a charge so often levelled at them by the critics?

STYRON

Certainly they do. They have a perfect right to be anything they honestly are, but I'd like to risk saying that a great deal of this morbidity and depression doesn't arise so much from political conditions, or the threat of war, or the atom bomb as from the terrific increase of the scientific knowledge which has come to us about the human self—Freud, that is, abnormal psychology, and all the new psychiatric wisdom. My God, think of how morbid and depressing Dostoievski would have been if he could have gotten hold of some of the juicy work of Dr. Wilhelm Stekel, say *Sadism and Masochism.*

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What people like John Webster and, say, Hieronymus Bosch felt intuitively about some of the keen horrors which lurk in the human mind, we now have neatly catalogued and clinically described by Krafft-Ebing and the Menningers and Karen Horney, and they're available to any fifteen-year-old with a pass-card to the New York Public Library. I don't say that this new knowledge is *the* cause of the so-called morbidity and gloom but I do think it has contributed to a new trend toward the introspective in fiction. And when you get an eminent journal like *Time Magazine* complaining, as it often has, that to the young writers of today life seems short on rewards and that what they write is a product of their own neuroses, in its silly way the magazine is merely stating the status quo and obvious truth. The good writing of any age has always been the product of *someone's* neurosis, and we'd have a mighty dull literature if all the writers that came along were a bunch of happy chuckleheads.

INTERVIEWERS

To sort of round this out, we'd like to ask finally what might sound like a rather obvious question. That is, what should be the purpose of a young writer? Should he, for instance, be *engagé*, not concerned as much with the story-aspects of the novel as with the problems of the contemporary world?

STYRON

It seems to me that only a great satirist can tackle the world problems and articulate them. Most writers write simply out of some strong interior need, and that I think is the answer. A great writer, writing out of this need, will give substance to and perhaps even explain all the problems of the world without even knowing it, until a scholar comes along a hundred years after he's dead and digs up some symbols. The purpose of a young writer is to write, and he shouldn't drink too much. He shouldn't think that after he's written one book he's God Almighty and air all his immature opinions in pompous interviews. Let's have another cognac and go up to Le Chaplain.

—Peter Matthiessen
George Plimpton

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INDEPENDENCE AND RESOLUTION

I

Stay where ideas are underground.
The pure essence is a green willow slip,
As a snake slumbering under the mountains,
As a mountain dreamer of the rainy forests.

In the backyard of the world, the lithe children
Toss and scamper under clouds of passion.
They beat upon each other with dry sticks.
Time has not yet made them good and golden.

A jet plane hallucinates the heavens.
The lazy gulls with a composite motion
Go north and sit upon the evening lakes.
The remarkable mountains act in concentration.

Peace broods over the vales of winter. Death
Arises in the spirit and hangs in the air
Like the time of the snow-capped volcanoes.
All ideas rest. The peaks are chaste and far.

Quietly I lie in the skeleted bed,
Safely time passes, without whip or dream.
Softly I maintain my soft flesh,
Serenely achieving the mindless, the eternal.

Great are the realms of the ethereal,
Long lasting seem the stars. After the light,
The darkness has the past in perpetuity.
The midnight holds itself like an ancient.

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This is the time of beneficence, transition.
The mountains encircle the world, monitors
Of the soul. Underground there is no glow.
Nature waits. Time sleeps. All is well.

With imperceptible rhythm, though delicate,
There is a stir upon the face of the world,
Soon the green shoots. Soon rebirth, the conflict.
The boys are beginning to cry from their wounds.

The willow slip is transfigured. The willow tree
Breaks out with wild whips and is golden.
The snake lashes over the heavens. The mind
Arises tall, stately, and malevolent.

Violated is the principle of eternity.
Man the destroyer paces the nervous ridges.
He shudders with violence and rocks back and forth.
He brandishes original sin on the meadows.

There is a terrible golden light in the air.
His eyes flash with his dual intensity,
A savage of the metallic and brittle mountains.
With passionate love he addresses impossible day.

Forceful, cruel, irreverent, and whole
He mounts the earth as the wonder of nature.
The eye of blazing day beholds him. He suffers.
Wide-eyed, he addresses to God the appalling questions.

He beats the whips of mentality. He flies
Against fortune. He is the snake of his perceptions.
Doom is in the brinded brightness of his look.
God suffers him as a child in the backyard.

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Where shall his flesh and his bones be unlocked?
Where shall his reality be found?
Where shall his spirituality find its source?
Where shall his dual nature be resolved?

Time relents, and in the stalwart morning
He divines relationships in golden sunlight.
Powerful in knowledge he walks in peace
And is capable of acts of love.

II

When he has achieved grail synthesis
He runs on discourse, the word is ever beginning.
The light is inveterate as a boy
Changing position like a waterfall.

The stability of his front has evasion in it.
Whenever he laments in his hot head,
Caught in an absolute, craving its taste,
He laughs at his own ingenuity,

And considers the stars by new onset,
Unashamed of the most wayward perception.
Word-wondering is another of his touches,
Paradox of the tantalizing subtleties.

He imagines formlessness as a new form,
For example; it is a latency;
The timelessness of time, an immediacy.
Activity of thought is generosity of play.

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He invents new mythologies for pleasure
To overthrow the old dichotomies.
He is willing to defy the times, and time,
Because he has the will, he has the leisure.

Nothing is not invaluable; he chooses all
Who has a knot of rightness. Superabundant
Faculty manifests sunburned rarity
As he eschews aridity and valley.

There is a field of the high ether waves
And a flower texture somewhere come by
In tonal gestures of a tawny shape,
There the aboriginals are resting.

He would not go out on a ship today
In the tallest masted make; no sea
Would be good enough, no rough history
Provident of a sufficient ecstasy.

Nor stake a claim in Limbo, who, now
Positive above the killing dips
Has rooted out the abuse of sin,
Handling, at last, his own idiom.

He would claim Pacifics of the mind
In the vast events of comprehension,
Renaming new spiritual relationships
Calm in his vigilant authority.

He would invent a new emotion
Taller than all the rest, and deeper.
He would rest in its sublimity,
But only as the avid rest.

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And he would enact the new clarity
Without superimposition, or threat.
It would be the world of a new love,
Pure, of an accessible purity.

All the new words would be free,
Made and struck from minds as fair
As the ancient morning of the air
And the oldest evening of the world.

—Richard Eberhart

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DON'T JOGGLE ME

Mrs. Belway walked to the door of the boys' washroom, started to go in, and thought better of it.

"Willie?" she called. "Are you in there, Willie?"

Willie said he was. He was running the water in the basin.

"Is your nose bleeding badly?"

"Right smart," Willie said. Mrs. Belway cleared her throat, put one hand on the door jam, said:

"I'm sorry I slapped you. "

There was a brief silence, then Willie's voice, high, and somewhat plaintive:

"You shouldn't have done it, Mrs. Belway."

"No," Mrs. Belway said. "I shouldn't have. I know that now."

"When I get slapped on the nose, my nose bleeds," Willie informed her.

"Yes. I said I was sorry." She paused for a moment. "Still, you *were* pretty insolent."

"Doesn't make any difference," Willie insisted. "I shouldn't be slapped on the nose. On the rear, maybe. But not on the nose, 'cause *it* bleeds."

"I'll remember that next time," Mrs. Belway said. She listened to the sound of running water.

"Willie?" There was no answer. "Are you a bleeder?"

"I'm bleeding right strong," Willie said.

"I don't mean that. I mean, do you have trouble getting it stopped? What I mean is, does your blood not clot or something?"

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"The clots fall off," Willie said.

"Then it does clot?"

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "But they fall off." Mrs. Belway breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well—I'm going to go call your parents," she said.

She went and called his parents.

After listening to the phone ring a dozen times in Willie's place of residence, she leafed the book and dialed the plant where his father worked. There was some confusion here; it took quite a while to locate Willie's father. When she did get him she drew a long breath.

"I'm calling because Willie's nose is bleeding. I—hit him on the nose," Mrs. Belway said.

"Oh." Willie's father sounded dubious. "Well—I guess that's all right," he said.

"I mean, I slapped his face, but my palm struck his nose and made it bleed. He walked out and went in the boys' room. That's where he is now." She cleared her throat. "He was very insolent, in front of the entire class, and I lost my temper."

"Yes," Willie's father said. "He'll do that—Willie will."

"I'm sorry."

"Yes?" Mrs. Belway got a strong grip on herself.

"Does he have nosebleeds often?" she asked.

"Yes. Fairly often. Quite frequently. But they stop."

"What does he do to stop them?"

"Well, he gener'ly puts ice on them."

"Ice," Mrs. Belway said. "That's the thing. Yes. Well. I'll call you back, if there's any further trouble."

"All right," Willie's father said gently. "You do that, Mrs. Belway." Mrs. Belway walked back to the boys' room.

As she passed her room, she could hear her eighth grade English class rapidly getting out of control. She started to go in, changed her mind, then went to the door and opened it. "Harold," she said, crooking her finger at a boy standing on a desk in the last row.

Harold got down from the desk and came slowly out to her.

"You going to slap *me*, Mis' Belway?" he said.

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"No, Harold. I want you to go to the candy store and see if they'll give you a piece of ice. For Willie's nose."

"Oh." Harold looked relieved. "Sure. Sure thing!" he said and broke into a jog.

Mrs. Belway went back to the boys' room.

"Willie?" she waited a second. "Your father says to use some ice."

"There's no ice in here," Willie said.

"I know that. I sent Harold out for some."

"Couldn't get my mother?" Willie persisted.

"No. There was no answer. I guess she was out."

"She's at a party," Willie said. "I forgot to tell you." Mrs. Belway looked at the door.

"Ice *does* stop it?"

"Oh, sure. Usually. Excuse me." Willie turned on the water while Mrs. Belway stood there.

"Willie!" The water stopped. "Hold a wet towel on the back of your neck!"

"I already done that," Willie said.

"Didn't it stop it?"

"Nope," Willie said cheerfully. "Never does. 'Scuse me."

He ran the water some more, and when he stopped it, he said: "What's that noise?"

"What noise?" Mrs. Belway said.

"I hear a noise," Willie said. "A kind of a roaring. Is that your class, Mis' Belway?"

Mrs. Belway admitted the possibility.

"Better get back and quiet them, Ma'm. They're goin' to town. They're gettin' out of hand."

"I've put the monitors in charge," Mrs. Belway said.

Willie laughed.

"They're nice boys. They try hard."

"Oh, sure. I was one once. It's just—well, it's nothin' to me," Willie said. He ran the water some more.

"Willie!" She waited for silence. "You're not fooling me, now?"

"Huh?"

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"You're not just pretending your nose is bleeding?"

"Huh?"

"You're not—kidding about your nose bleeding!"

"No, *Ma'm*!" Willie said.

"Well," Mrs. Belway said doubtfully, "well, here's Harold."

It wasn't, though. It was Clifton. He came toward her, smiling pleasantly.

"Hi, Mis' Belway," he said. "Can I go to the toilet?"

Mrs. Belway said he could go to the toilet.

Clifton went in, and Mrs. Belway tried to get a quick look before the door closed. She got a flash of Willie's back side, bending over the basin—but it was a spring lock and it shot back quickly. Willie was speaking to her.

"Mis' Belway," Willie said.

"Yes? Yes, Willie?"

"I run outa towels," Willie told her.

"Use toilet paper."

"All right. But it's gettin' me wet. My shirt's soaked."

"Is it?"

"Absolutely. I'm puttin' wet towels on the back of my neck—like you said to. They've pretty well soaked my shirt down the back, Ma'm. Anyways, they're fallin' off."

"Get Clifton to help you."

"He's sitting on the toilet."

"What?" Clifton said, in a muted voice. "What? What, Mis' Belway?"

"When he's finished," Mrs. Belway said, ignoring Clifton.

"He's wiping now," Willie said. Mrs. Belway shook her head as though to clear it. "Good Heavens," she said under her breath.

"He's—" Willie said from inside.

"Willie?" Mrs. Belway was going to shut him up if she had to scream it.

"M'am?"

"Get—oh, never mind. Here's Harold."

Harold walked into the lavatory after greeting Mrs. Belway. He had a cube of ice on his outstretched palm. It was defin-

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itely undersized from his long walk back. He was grinning. "You scrounger," he said.

"Willie!" Mrs Belway moved closer. "What was that noise I just heard?"

Willie's voice was cautious. "I guess you heard Clifton jumping on Harold," he said. "I guess that was what you heard."

"Clifton Satterbaugh, you come out of there!" Mrs. Belway shouted.

Clifton appeared, looking sheepish. Mrs. Belway started to speak, then drew back and folded her arms and let him walk in silence back to his room. Willie raised his voice: "Mis' Belway?"

"Yes?" Mrs. Belway said.

"I don't hardly think a little piece of ice like this will amount to anything," Willie said. "Don't mean to complain, M'am! But I don't hardly think it will."

"Well," Mrs. Belway said, "I'll send Gerald for some more."

"Mis' Belway?" Harold shot through the door. "I'll go! I'll go!"

"You've gone once," Mrs. Belway said.

"Yeah. But I know the way now. Gerald—"

"Gerald can find the way to the candy store. Go back to your room, Harold. Send Gerald out." Harold shuffled back to his room.

"—Harold." Harold stopped.

"Is—his nose really bleeding—bleeding badly?" Mrs. Belway asked rather timidly.

"Right smart," Harold said, and went back to join in the general disorder of the English class.

Gerald came out. "Hi, Mis' Belway," he said. "I'm ready!"

Mrs. Belway wondered why she had asked for him.

"Ice," she said in a contemptuous voice. "At the candy store. Hurry up." It was all she could manage.

"Sure thing! Coming up! Heigh-ho!" Gerald said. "I'll be back with some ice in a trice," he remarked. Mrs. Belway turned a hateful expression after him. But he was gone. Willie was making some noise.

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"Willie," Mrs. Belway said. "Are you singing?"

Willie's voice was cautious, and he waited a while. "No' Ma'm."

"Well, it sounded to me like you were *singing*," Mrs. Belway said.

"No, Ma'm. The water's running."

"Are you getting it stopped any at all?"

A silence, then: "No, Ma'm."

"Well—" Mrs. Belway sighed— "I'm going back to my class. Before they tear down the building."

"I'll excuse you," Willie said. Mrs. Belway stopped; she didn't like the way he had said that, exactly. But the tumult from the eighth grade English class was a more pressing problem. "I believe they're throwing the desks at each other," she murmured. She stepped up her pace and went in.

Peter, the head monitor, was engaged in an erasor battle with Clifton. Sheepishly, he called for and got order, and slunk off back to his seat. Mrs. Belway took over.

"We will turn to page 291," she said, throwing a withering look at Peter.

They all turned to page 291.

Mrs. Belway plowed ahead with it, but her hand still stung where she'd clouted Willie. When the period ended, she trooped with the rest to the room where they took Science. She was slightly more reluctant to leave Willie alone than she was to desert his fellows. She was just getting underway when Gerald came in, bearing a large block of ice, which he planked down immediately on her desk blotter.

"Heigh-ho," Gerald said. "Ice. Yes'm."

"Well, don't give it to *me*!" Mrs. Belway sprang up, grabbed the ice, and started out with it. "Oh, never mind. No! You come with me."

Gerald trotted obediently beside her down to the boys'room.

"Now take that in to him." She gave it to Gerald.

"That goes on the back of his neck?" Gerald said.

"Yes. Certainly," Mrs. Belway said.

"Jeez. He'll not be able to lift his head." Nevertheless, he took it in to him. He was grinning when he came out.

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"Willie wants an ice pick."

"Hasn't he got a pocket knife?"

"Didn't say," Gerald said. "Just said for me to ask for an ice pick."

"Haven't *you* got a pocket knife?"

"Heck! Sure thing. But he said—"

"Well, you go right in and chip up that ice for him. The idea. What would I be doing with an ice pick?"

"Well—he didn't say," Gerald said, and went back in, opening the blade of his pocket knife.

For a while Mrs. Belway listened to the chipping of ice. Gerald came out, a bit winded now.

"Anything else, Ma'm?" he said bleakly.

"Yes. You're to monitor this class," Mrs. Belway said.

Gerald refused to meet her eyes. "I was voted down," he said finally.

"Doesn't matter, it—"

"It matters to *them*," Gerald said. He looked at her now. "I was up for monitor, Mis' Belway, and they voted me down. Heck! You were there. Peter. Wayne. And Dwight They're the monitors."

"Not today," she said. Gerald's eyes were upon her. "You go back in and tell them *you're* the monitor."

"What when they won't listen?" Gerald said.

"Then you stick your head out of the door, and you whistle. And I'll come."

"I can't whistle," Gerald said.

"What?" Mrs Belway looked at him strangely. "I never heard of a boy who couldn't whistle."

"I know. They're rare. But there are some. And I can't whistle, Mrs. Belway—I just never could. Nothing happens, when I whistle—not a thing in this world."

Mrs. Belway gave him a start with her hand. "Yell. And don't tell me you can't do that." Her expression was menacing.

"All right. But don't shove me—" Gerald said.

Mrs. Belway walked up to the washroom door. It was hard to tell, without seeing, what Willie was doing.

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"Is the ice helping?" she said finally.

"Yes, melting fast," Willie said. A muscle in Mrs. Belway's neck twitched.

"I said *helping*."

"Oh, *helping*." He appeared to consider. "It's too early to say," he said finally.

"How are you doing it?" Mrs. Belway said.

"I'm wrapping it up in towels and holding it on the back of my neck," Willie said.

"That's the way," Mrs. Belway said.

"And then the towels are falling apart and the ice is going into my shirt," Willie said.

"Well, my goodness—"

"What's that noise?" Willie said. "I hear a noise. Kind of a roaring."

It was Gerald. He had his head and torso out of the door and he looked wild. "Mrs. *Belway*!" he was shouting. "Come quick! John!—and Michael!—and Stephen!—"

"I'm coming," Mrs. Belway said.

***

After Science, there was only recess. Mrs. Belway left the Science room in the hands of Michael, and strode on down to the washroom. Willie was in there, running the water.

"I think you should come out now, Willie," she said. "We're going down to the ball field."

"Ball?" Willie said. "Oh, no. I can't play ball."

"I think you should come out now," Mrs. Belway insisted. Willie was silent, and Mrs. Belway said: "Has it slowed up a little?"

Willie hesitated, then: "Yeah. Maybe a little." He sounded sad about it.

"Mrs. Belway?"

"Yes? What, Willie?"

"I need more ice. This's melted."

"I think you should come out now. We're all going to recess."

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"They'll joggle me," Willie said.

"What?"

"Walking in line—they'll joggle me; always do." He turned the tap down a little. "I must not be joggled."

"I'll see that they don't—joggle you," Mrs. Belway said.

Willie laughed. There was no scorn in his laugh; he was just honestly doubtful of Mrs. Belway's ability to keep him from being joggled.

"You can walk back with me," Mrs. Belway said.

"Well—that'd be better."

"So come on out."

"I'll need cotton," Willie said.

"All right," Mrs. Belway said.

She went to her closet and got cotton from her first aid kit. This she sent in to Willie via Stephen. When Willie came out the class was lining up for the march down to the playing field. Willie had a huge ball of cotton in either nostril. He fell into step beside Mrs. Belway, looking out over the marching eighth graders. His manner, however, was calm.

"Don't joggle me," Willie said.

"I'm barely *touching* you."

"You've got my arm. That joggles me. Someone having hold of my arm." Mrs. Belway let go of his arm.

Willie walked along.

"Harold's pushing Joseph," he said, pointing.

"I see him. He's not pushing hard." Willie walked along with a serious expression. He seemed to consider himself in a position of authority.

"John is goosing Edgar," he said.

"Willie!"

"I mean—he is jabbing him in the rear, Ma'm." He looked on, dispassionately, though with evident interest.

"I guess there's going to be a fight."

"There is not going to be a fight," Mrs. Belway said. "John-straighten out there." Willie seemed pleased, though he was still gravely sober. "Wilbur—" he said.

"I *see* him! Wilbur! Stop that shoving!" Willie walked

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along, grave, his face intent. When they reached the playing field he dropped down beside Mrs. Belway.

"I don't believe I will take part in the games," Willie said.

"No. No one expects you to, Willie."

"Though I could maybe umpire."

"You stay right where you are," Mrs. Belway said.

The organized hell of recess underway, Mrs. Belway tried to forget the presence of Willie. This was not easy. He kept looking about him, watchful, ever attentive to error.

"I don't think Della ought to be doing that," he said at one point.

"Never you mind about Della," Mrs. Belway told him.

"Well, she's going to injure Peggy," Willie said.

Mrs. Belway drew a long breath. It was like the convulsive shudder of a horse. "Della !" she shouted.

Willie seemed pleased.

They walked back up to the school, Willie beside her, pointing out little irregularities of behavior in those about him. Gravely, he took the bats from her and helped her store them in the closet. The ball slipped from her hand and there was a mad scramble for it.

"I'll get it, Mrs. Belway!" Willie said.

"*No*, you *won't*!" Mrs. Belway said. She clutched his arm, Willie spun around, and the momentum of the two slammed them together. It dislodged the cotton in Willie's nose, and a thin trickle of red started out. Willie grabbed his blood-stained handkerchief, his eyes bulging.

"You did it again, Missus Belway!" he shouted, and ran for the boys' room.

Mrs. Belway stood for a moment with her eyes tightly closed. She brushed several boys from in front of her, and walked to the washroom door.

"Willie?" Mrs. Belway called. "Are you in there, Willie?"

Willie said he was. Mrs. Belway let her eyes close again, and her mind make entreaty:

Oh, Lord, let me get him tomorrow when his nose has dried, and warm his pants with a bed slat. But Lord!—don't let

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me lose my temper and go in there now and slap his face for him. She opened her eyes and moved closer to the door. Willie was calling her.

"More cotton!" he was saying, somewhat hoarsely. "More ice! And handkerchiefs!"

"Yes, yes," she said frantically, and she scurried around, sending one boy to the store on a bicycle, another in to Willie with the remainder of her cotton. She hurried the children through locker inspection, then, finally, she went back to stand before the washroom door. Willie had his ice, by that time; he was somewhat placated.

"Is there anything else?" Mrs. Belway said.

"Well," Willie said, "I guess you had better call up my parents and say I'll be late for dinner. *One* nosebleed is bad enough, but there is no telling how long I'll be here with *two* nosebleeds. I may be here all night!"

"You will not be here all night," Mrs. Belway said. "They lock the building. I'll—call them to come and get you."

"They can't," Willie said. "My dad's workin'. He's got the car. He works late."

"I'll drive you home, then."

"I may bleed on your upholstery."

"If you do, you do," Mrs. Belway said evenly.

"I have a couple stops I want to make," Willie said. "I guess you wouldn't want to do that."

There was a short pause, then: "What kind of stops, Willie?"

"Well, I got to pick up some line at the hardware store. And there's a book at the library I'd figured on reading. Then—"

"We'll make the stops, Willie."

"Well—O. K. It'll take up some time, though." He was evidently pausing for her to back out. When she didn't he said:

"Does your car run pretty smooth, Mrs. Belway?"

Mrs. Belway put her head on her arm, and her arm on the door.

"Yes, Willie."

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"That's good. Bumpy cars always joggle me." Mrs. Belway shook her head briefly, then said:

"Is there anything I can do for you, Willie?"

"Well," Willie said, "you might go outside and warm up your motor. I'll be out—presently. Wait for me."

Mrs. Belway sighed deeply. "All right, Willie."

"Don't forget me now. Don't drive off without me."

"No, Willie."

Oh, Lord, give me strength, she prayed. But Lord!—restrain me from using it on Willie's nose. She collected her books, her mind in a dither.

"I'll be along presently." There was hearty good fellowship in his voice: Mrs. Belway half expected to be addressed by her Christian name. This threw her in something of a panic; she tried to think out her plan of action if Willie suddenly called her "Grace." All the thought did was to make her numb.

"It'll be a while," Willie said.

Mrs. Belway walked in a kind of a dream to her car. He'll keep me waiting out here for an hour, she thought. I know he will. Then with the stops, that's another hour—Oh, Lord, give me patience. And Lord!—Let his nose be *bone* dry by—Thursday! And let him be insolent as sin! She sat there, staring out of her windshield. Well, I might as well correct some papers, she thought. She opened her folder, settled back on the seat, and began.

Mrs. Belway had never given such deservedly low marks in her life.

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THE VISITORS

I

He came thus to Europe, caught
in the legacy of his grandfathers
the looks of his bony aristocratic woman
in a hint, also, of his imagination
Paris there
visible
from anywhere
to his eye even
albeit unstable
I too caught his innocence
in my european smile
took it, twisted deftly
to a deeper guile

He pocketed a shaking hand
Can a cormorant snatch a fish off a wave
With lighter dexterity, alacrity?

His spectacles reflected disparate images
the drum of aero-engines shook the night
What hope for the country
the bony wife asked softly
early lines slid round her neck
the natural hangman's noose
her lust a lust for dismay
I made my european smile
and his glasses cleared

He had undertaken three thousand miles
with the bony woman he had undertaken
to salvage flotsam
picking gems from bone and rag
picking jetsam from bone and rag.

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II

the bellies of tradition shake with laughter
laughter
sent from the desert by the sound of laughter
Saw the diminishing shore from an ocean liner
and was drunk when watching the flat-topped hill recede
Woke in the dawn on deck with flies at my lips
stared over the side as the roaring hull cleft the sea
Made, a frightened wraith, for the shadows
fell down the companion-way
breaking a Grecian vase
thinking the rest of the voyage the sea is against us

III

I came thus to Europe
though no legacy sustained me
And if the hot seeds of tradition bloom
they bloom in another country
the whole continent a hot-house
feverish orchids human or natural
Desert or forest guard the earth from desecration
where you may either burn or drown or rot
twisting the stalk of another orchid
and remember hands discovering eroded earth
Dusty winds that sweep across the sun

IV

I saw a navigator curse the sunlight
Meaningless the north his compass pointed
a dead anonymous weight to bulge his pocket
yet give his next speech a more creditable bane
Columbus, bench-begotten, that fellow Columbus in Genoa
(In Genova exploring bordels with a knife
a sodden sailor's knife explored my side)
dost thou ride on that too-foul brat of a wind sailor
I who was born to believe in the power of law
was maquis at heart.

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I who wrote that a tapestry stretched to the moon
Needled with dancing of women more beautiful
than ever they were
lied in my words.
I who saw first the image and after the man,
Heard in the tune, not the whole, but the words,
Not the fact of the song but the incident glee
slept with the corpse
of my brother Cain,
and dreamt his doom.
I am not clear in this widdershin yet or will be
at my death,
though the world adore
the absence of fact
Unless my tune shrive me and itself
On the tongue in the mouth of a tapestried serf.
Who could not understand the stars sailor
We have had our crop of false predictions
We plough the ocean with our engines now
The white sails have all sunk

Now the blear shafts of the sun strike down
red dust shake again
gloomy horizon fall

I thought from the edge of the earth of an ancient friend
who had no smile to show
to whom innocence was nothing
the limits of his land defined by mountains
which swung in by the vultures
his voice could bridge
Their crowned procession rocked on jealous wings was black
black
grey Gallic sky above me
high Gallic music in the courtyard
a chorus of shrill voices

—Patrick Bowles

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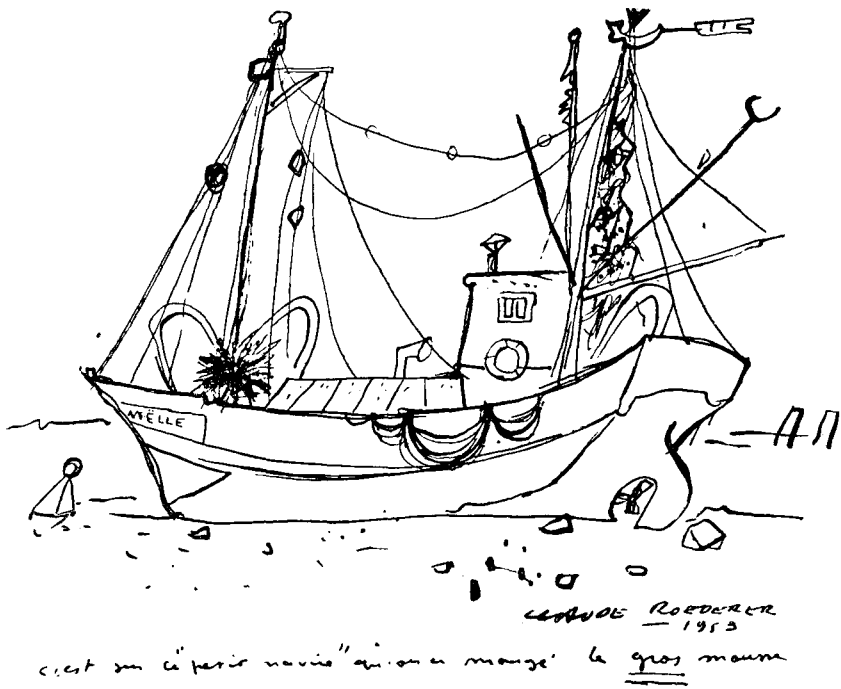

CLAUDE ROEDERER CHEZ CAMILLE RENAULT

Livres d'Or of Paris

The Livres d'Or are large leather-bound books kept by many restauranteurs and bar-owners in which their guests, especially if well-known, are asked to inscribe their names and if possible a sentiment or two in praise of the food and drink. These inscriptions are alike almost to the word; only the artist, by reason of his medium, is at home faced with the blank page of a Livres d'Or and a crowd peering over his shoulder, and though he rarely escapes the mental agony of trying to express his appreciation of an evening's pleasure in an original way, in many cases he succeeds. The drawings on the following pages have been collected from those restaurants and bars of Paris which are particularly artists' haunts, and whose Livres d'Or are appreciated by the customers as much as *La Specialité de la Maison.*

Camille Renault's restaurant in Puteaux, just outside Paris, has one of the best-known Livres d'Or—volumes of them, in fact, piled high on a special table in one of the dining-rooms. Camille Renault's face, his contours and proportions are so impressive (he weighs 400 pounds) that

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on page after page of his Livres d'Or artists use him as their model, of which in the following pages the leonine Picasso and the Jaques Villon portrait are examples. A certain Arnould, a young French artist from Rouen who won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1939, was so impressed by the restauranteur's bulk he made 145 line drawings and paintings for which Renault—friend of the artist to the core—spent some 480 hours posing.

Gaston Baheux is another friend of the artist, as Matisse notes above his sketch of a Madonna and Child. Monsieur Tonton, as he is known to artists, started in the restaurant business in 1925 with a place called the Triboulette, in Montparnasse. He now runs a night-club in Montmartre—Libertys—famed for its hard-working gaggle of off-key singing waiters. The bar is hung with a number of paintings by up-and-coming French artists, notably Bernard Buffet, the young painter whose self-portrait appears in this portfolio. Tonton started his Livres d'Or in 1937 and few well-known artists have not contributed to it. His Toulouse-Lautrec drawing was purchased from an old Livre d'Or and hangs in his home in St-Germain-en-Laye.

The late Christian (Bébé) Berard was responsible for bringing many fellow-artists to the Méditerranée, a fashionable restaurant in the Place de l'Odéon opposite the Comédie-Française. Here the Livres d'Or are filled with tributes to the restaurant's *specialités*—sea-food—the contented Steinberg diner, the Picasso fish, the Keogh and Vertès octopus-worshippers, the Lila de Nobili dolphin-girl on the last page of the portfolio.

Not far from the Méditerranée, in the Rue Mazarin, is Chez George. The restaurant is just around the corner from the Beaux-Arts and has long been a meeting-place for artists. Monsieur George himself, however, knows nothing about art. He prefers looking forward to his Sunday afternoons when he fishes for whatever it is that fishermen flock the banks of the Seine to catch. But he, as the other restauranteurs, takes great pleasure in his Livres d'Or. For not only are they valuable records of the restaurant's history and its patrons, but they are books of enormous variety: pages by writers who have despaired of their own medium and tried their hand at design (the French novelist Marcel Aymé, the poets Jacques Prévert and Paul Eluard); or the self-portraits of such entertainment artists as Charles Chaplin, Grock, the famous Swiss clown, and Jacques Tati, the producer-comedian of the film *Jour de Fête* and *Les Vacances de Monsieur Hulot*; or even the sketches by those unknown to the world of art or entertainment but who have caught the line and spirit of the artist regardless—the collection of thumbs, the vivid cat, or the delicate sketch of the girl carrying the fish. Not only do they give pleasure to their owners, but to those who call for the books along with the after-dinner cognac, and sit over them, leafing through the pages until the kitchen is closed, the chef gone home, the restaurant deserted.

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André Derain

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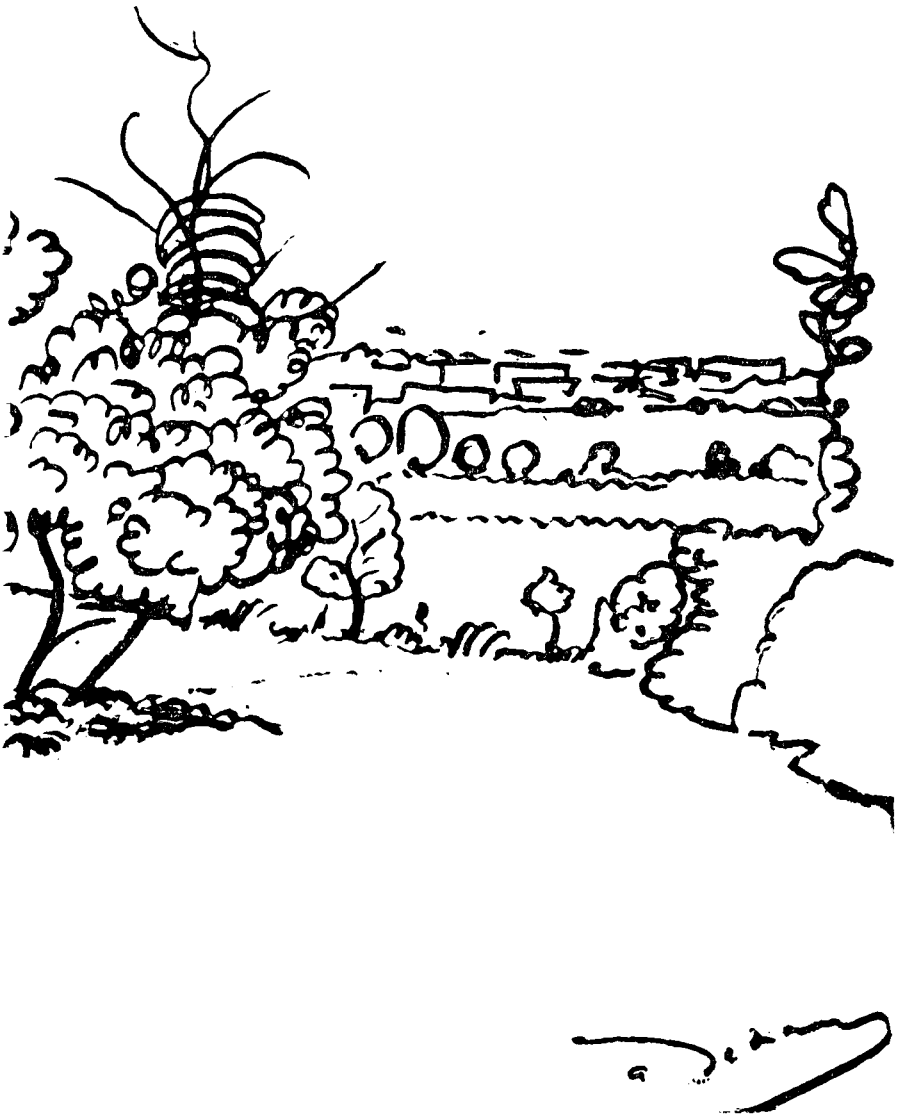

Au Lapin Agile

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chez Camille Renault

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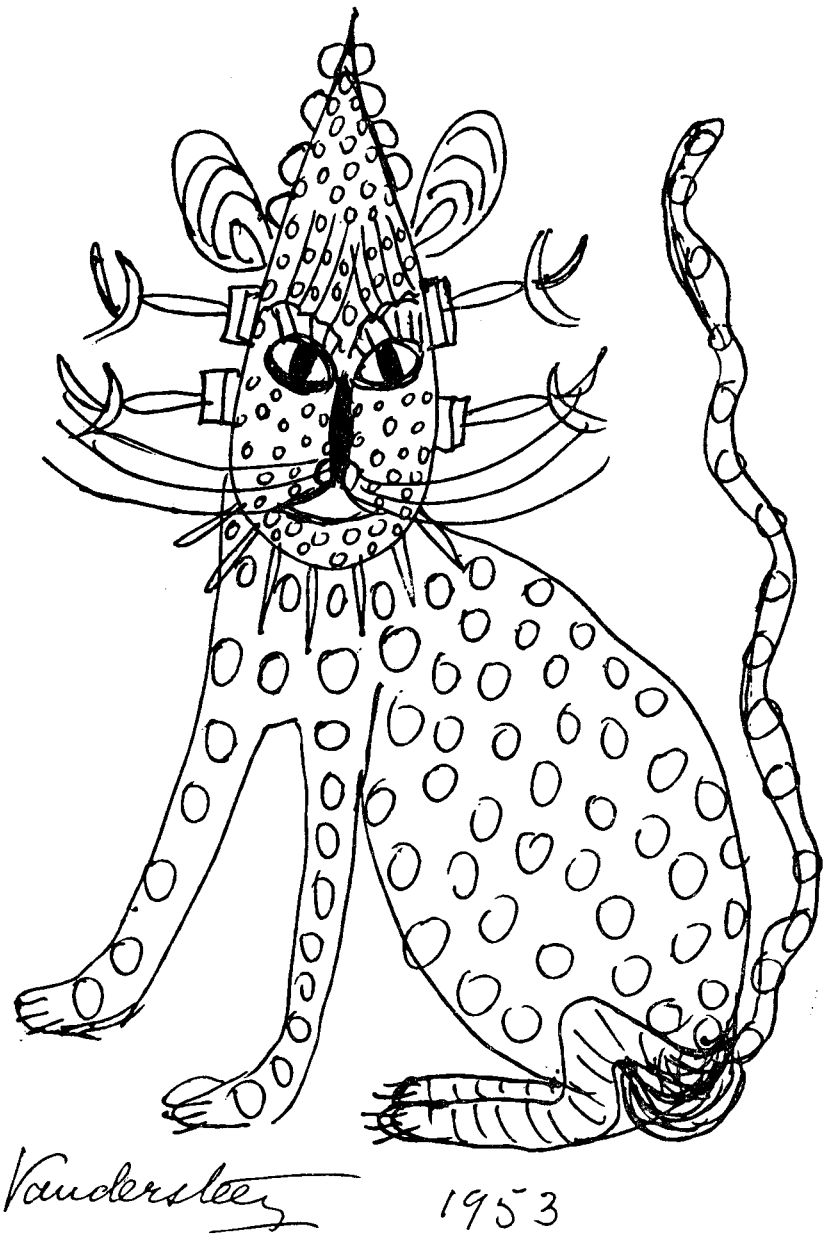

VANDERSTEEN CHEZ CAMILLE RENAULT

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Christian Bérard — la Méditerranée

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CAMPIGLI CHEZ CAMILLE RENAULT

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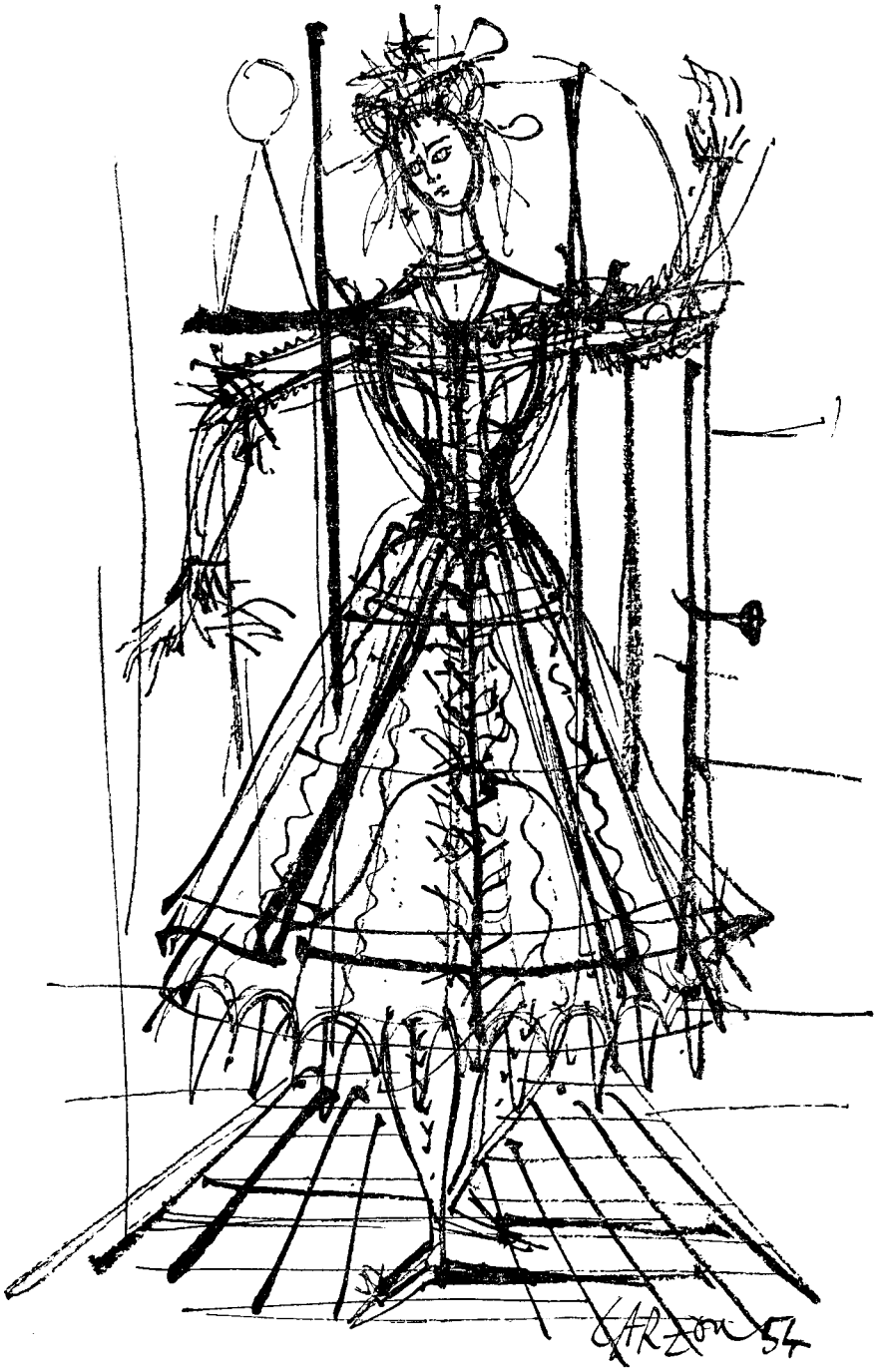

CARZOU — PIERRE A LA FONTAINE GAILLON

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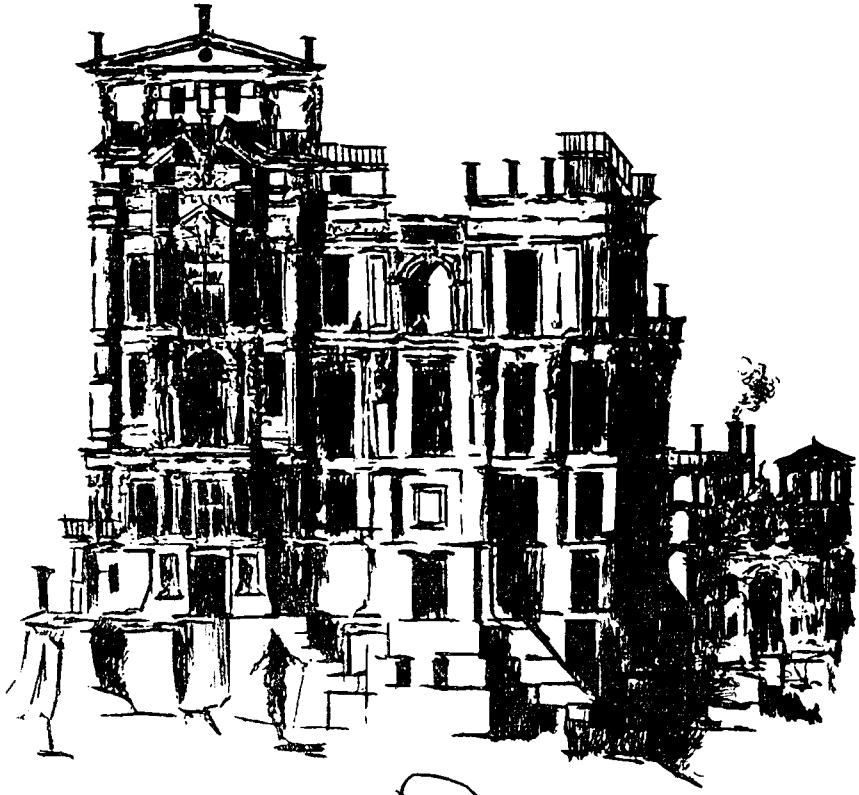

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LEONOR FINI

CHEZ TONTON

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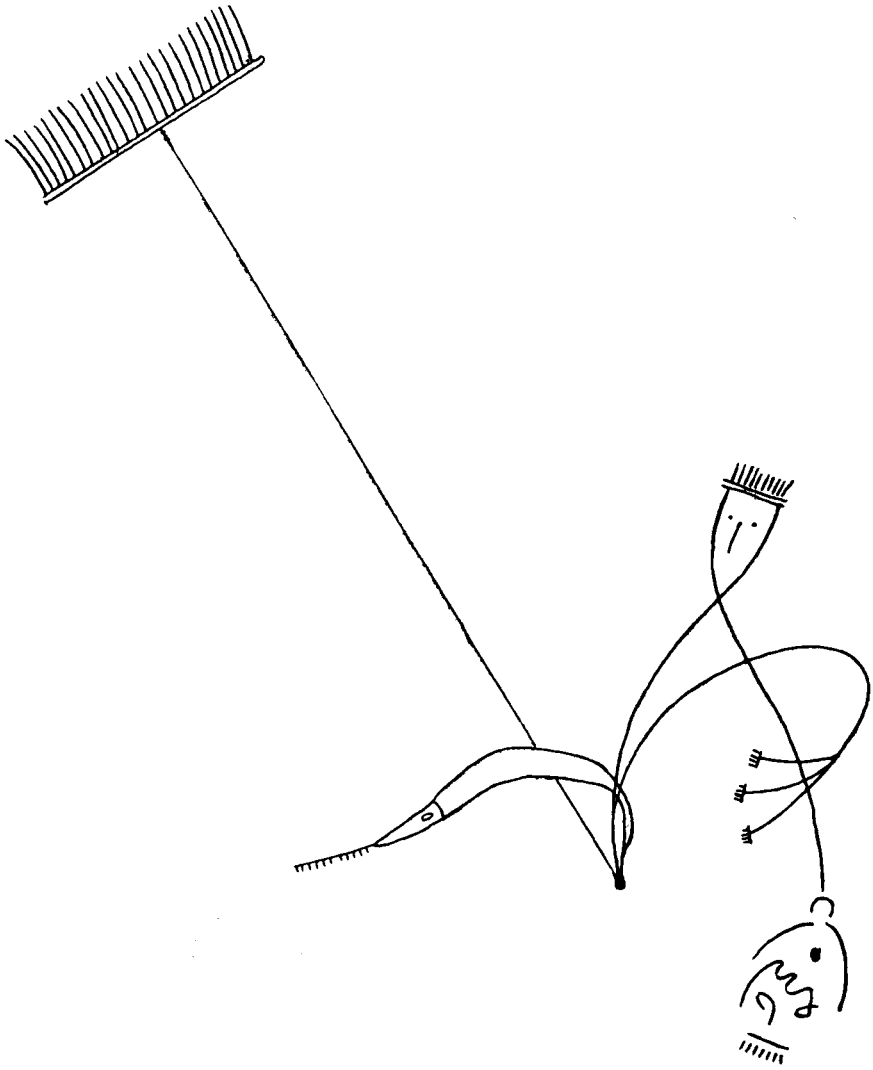

à Tonton
amitié
Marcel Aymé

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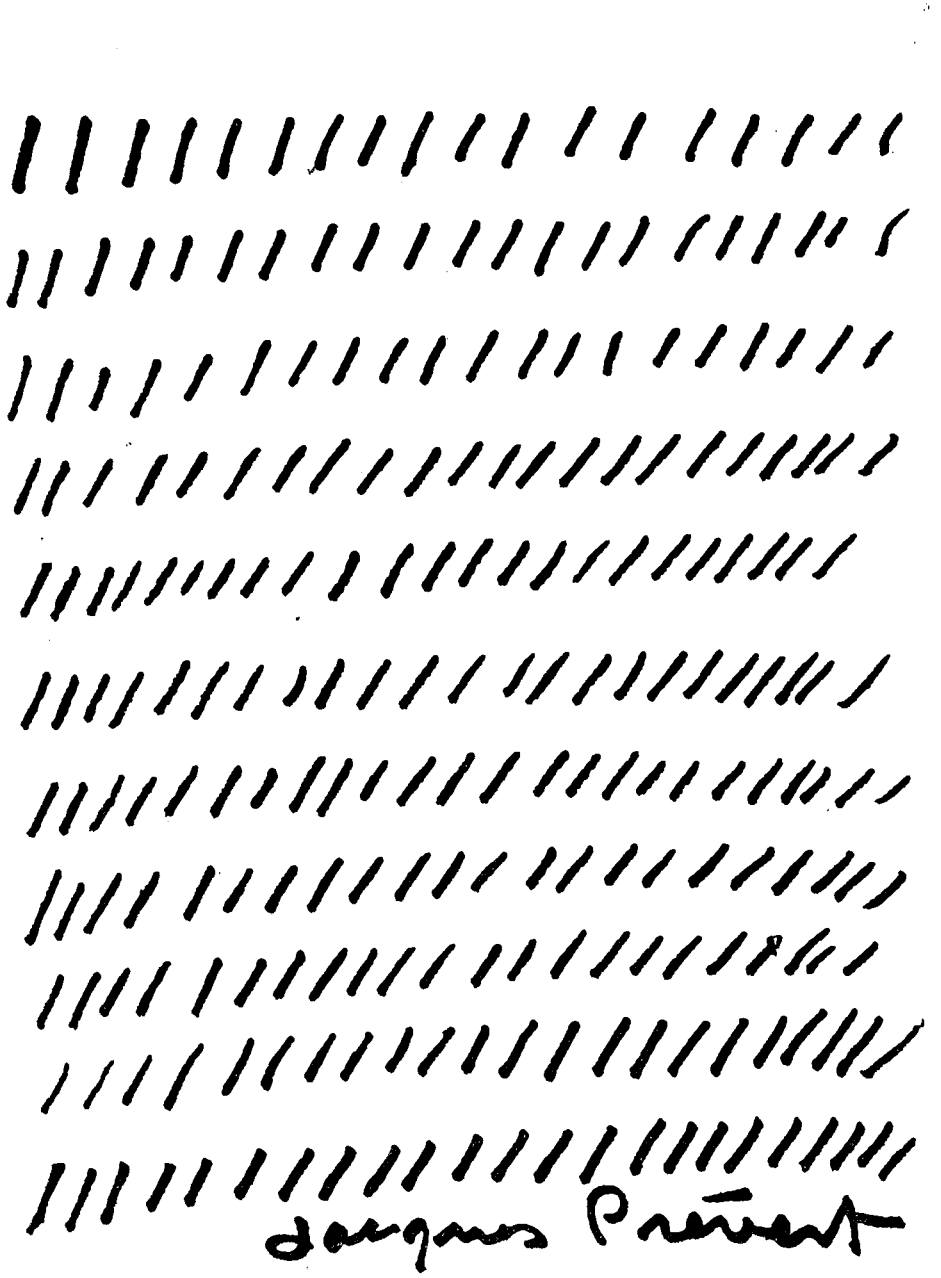

Jacques Prévert aux Trois Canettes

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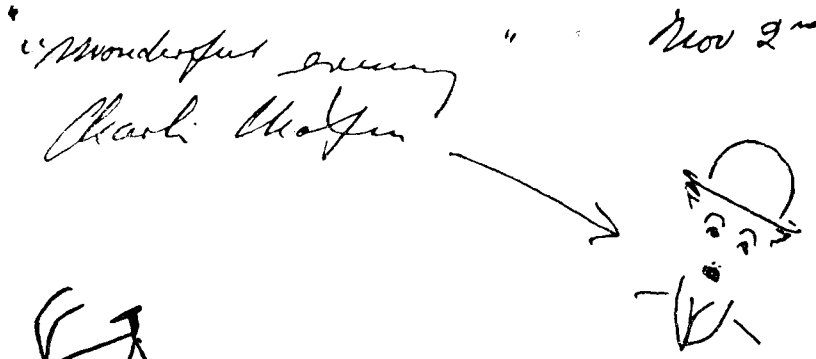

CHARLES CHAPLIN

LA MÉDITERRANÉE

JACQUES TATI

LE VILLAGE

GROCK LA MÉDITERRANÉE

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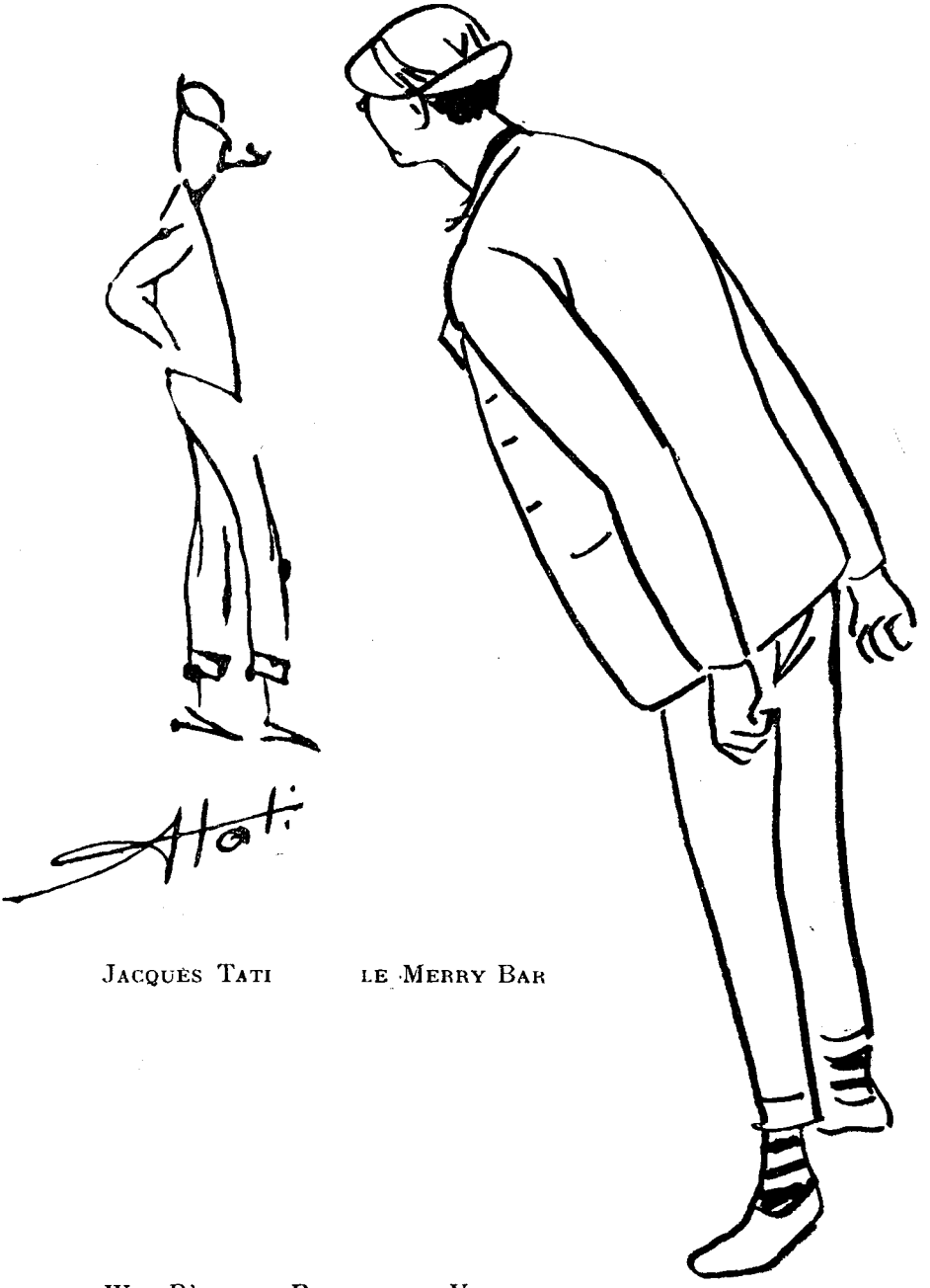

JACQUES TATI LE MERRY BAR

WM. PÈNE DU BOIS LE VILLAGE

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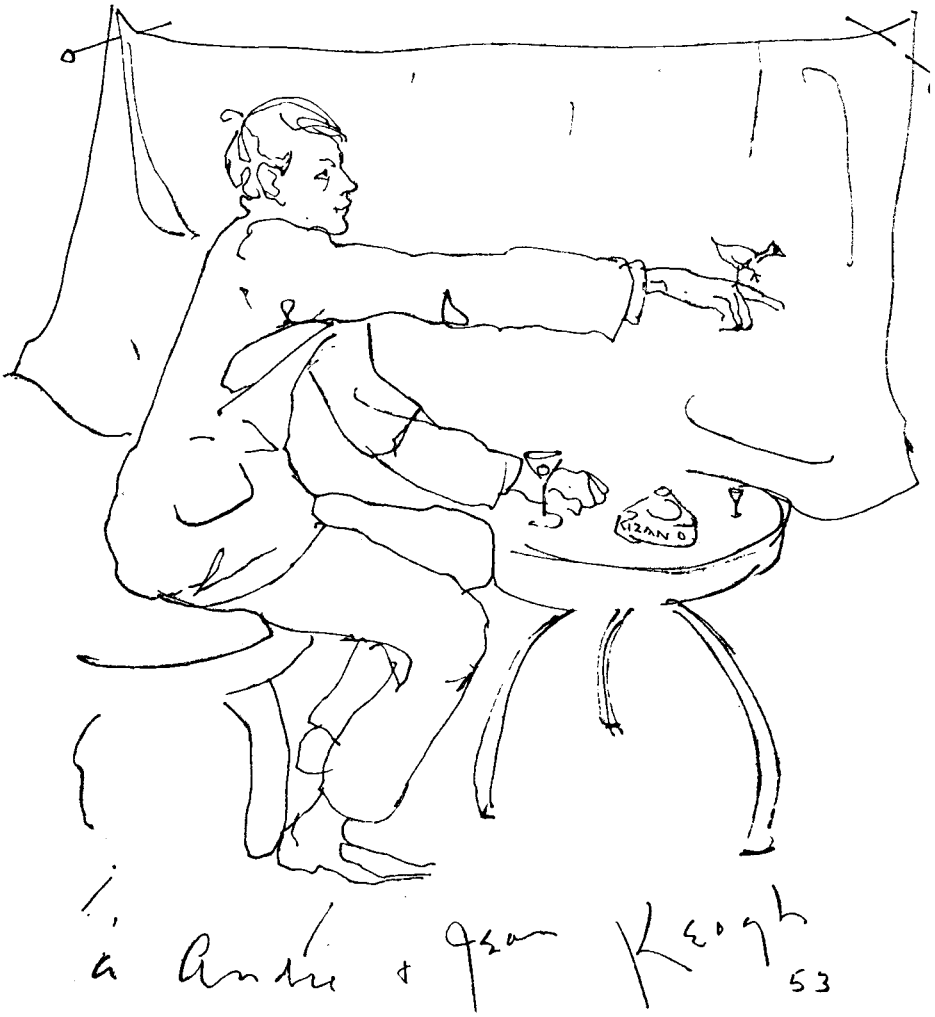
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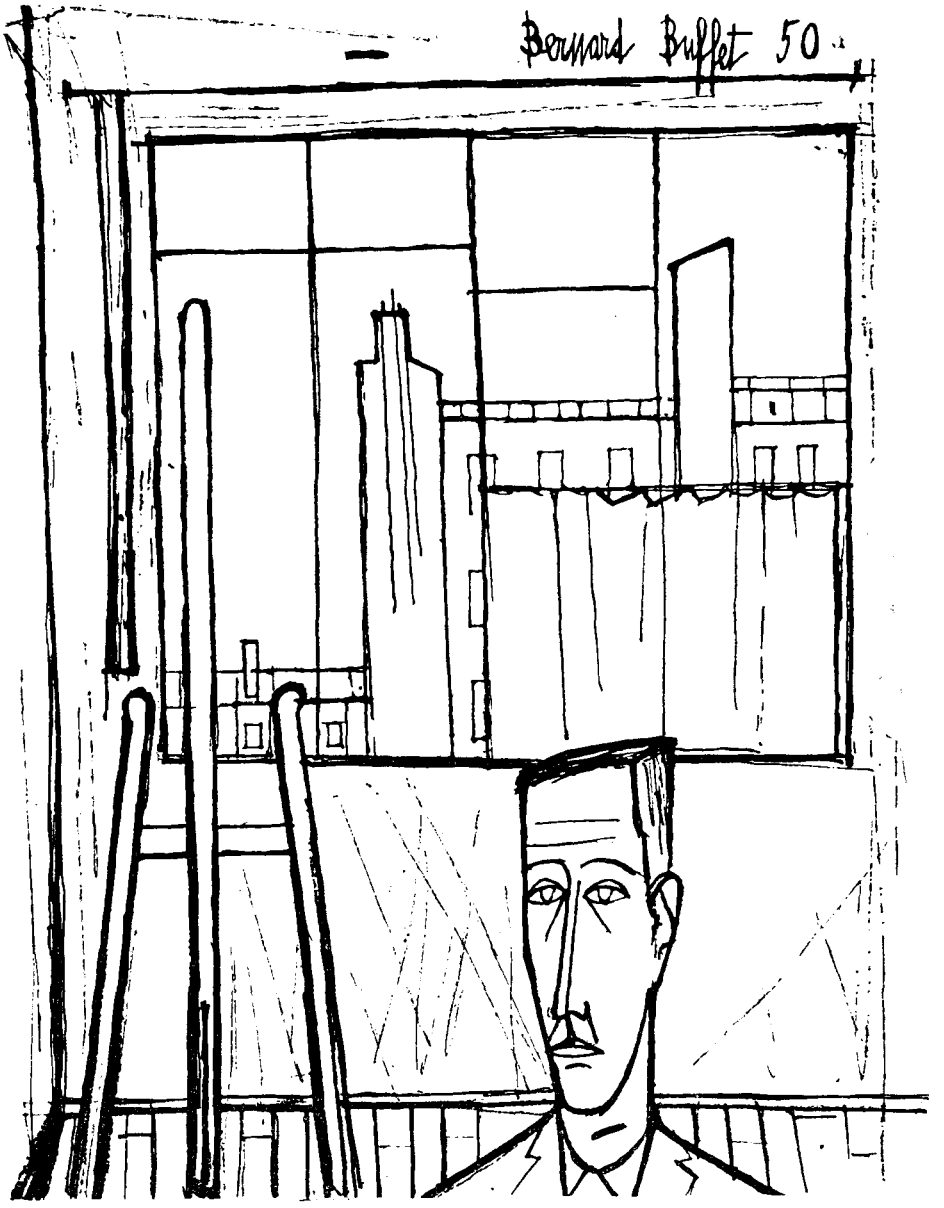

BERNARD BUFFET SELF PORTRAIT CHEZ TONTON

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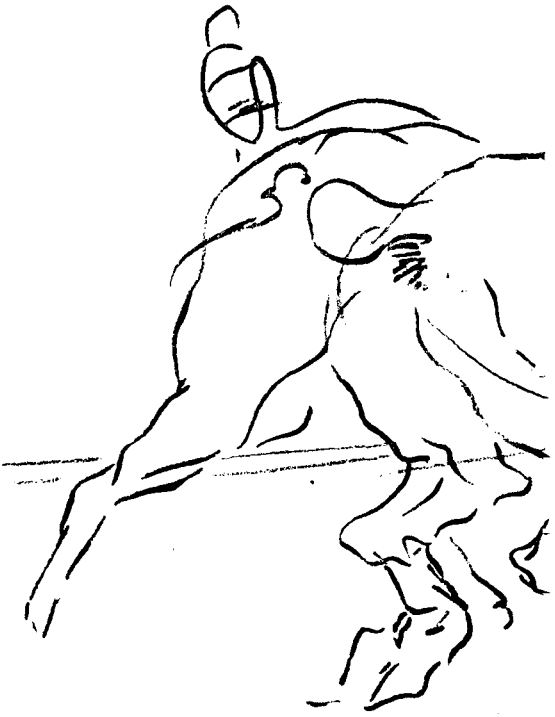

Toulouse Lautrec

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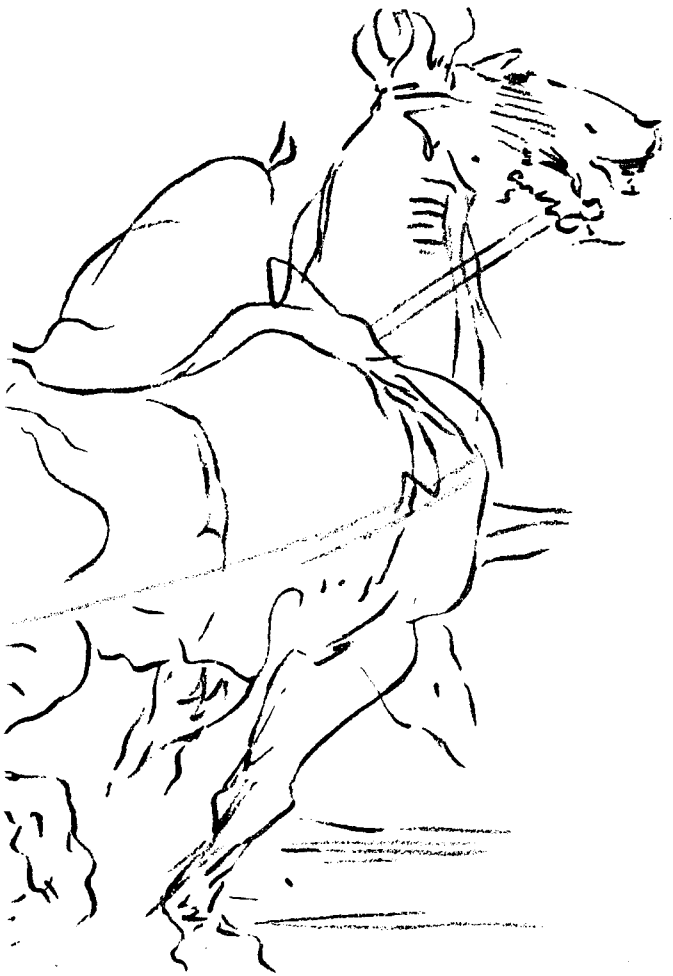

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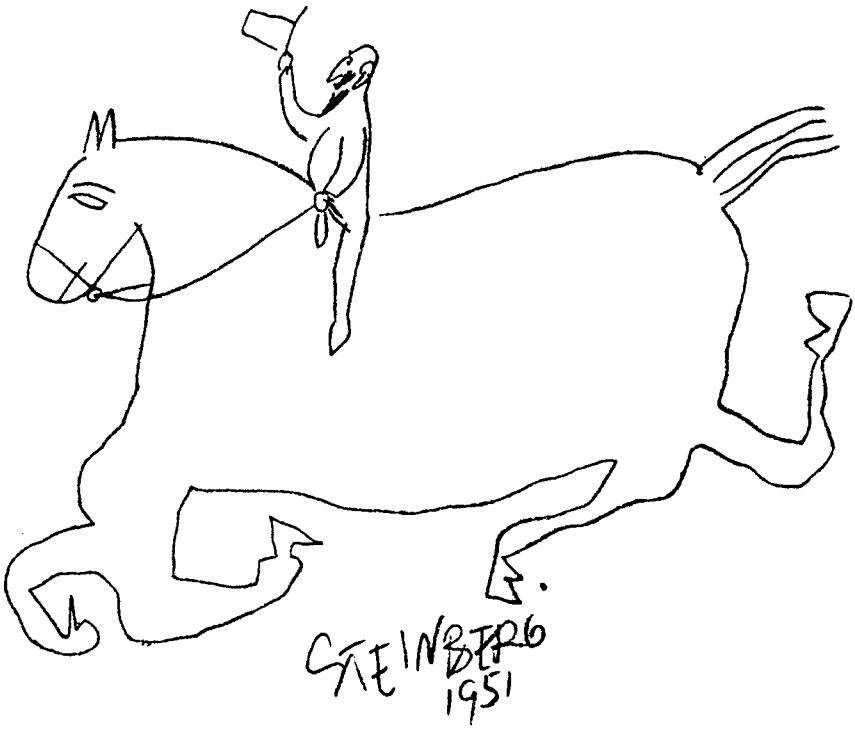

STEINBERG — AUX TROIS CANETTES

STEINBERG — LA MÉDITERRANÉE

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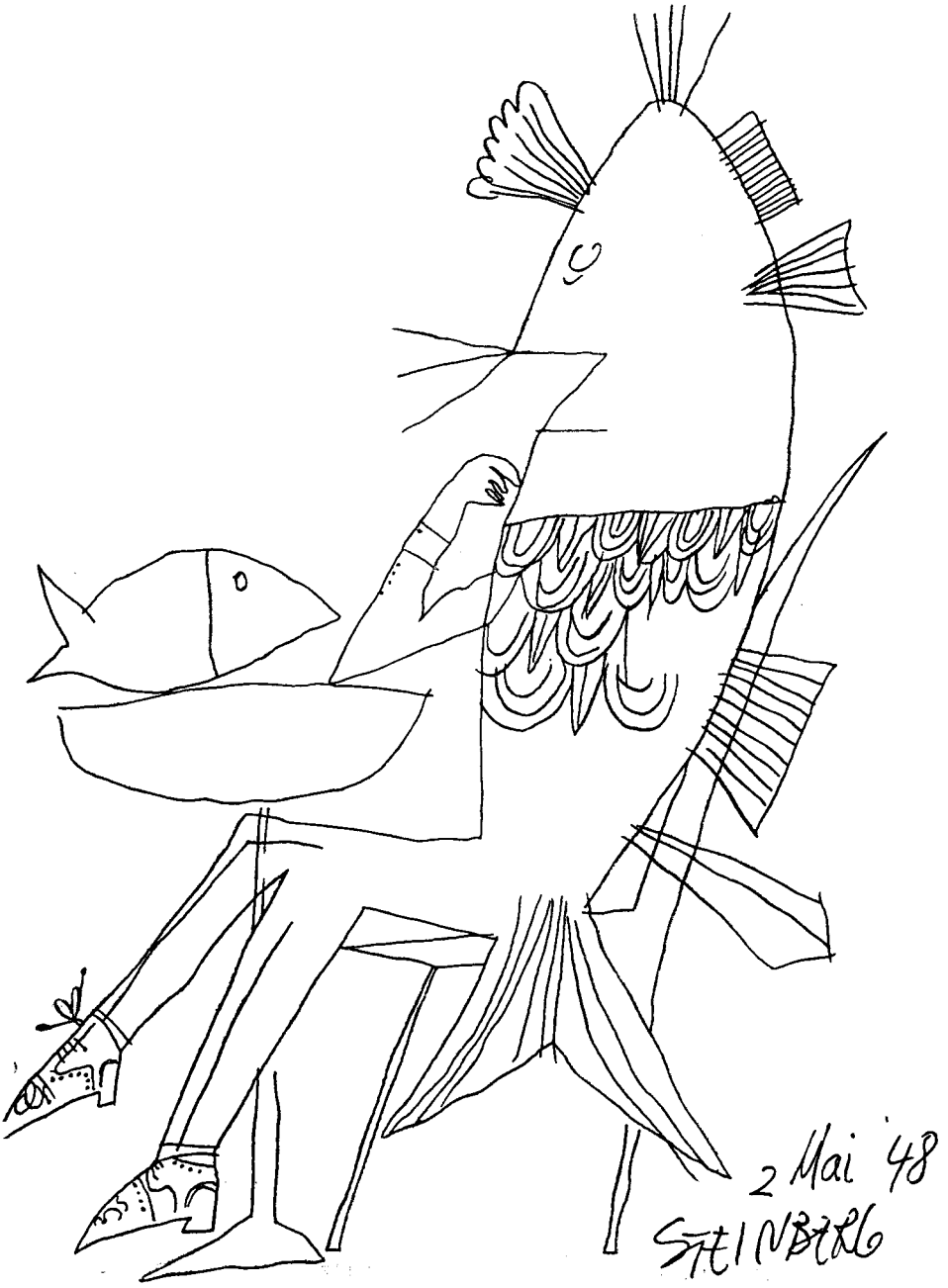

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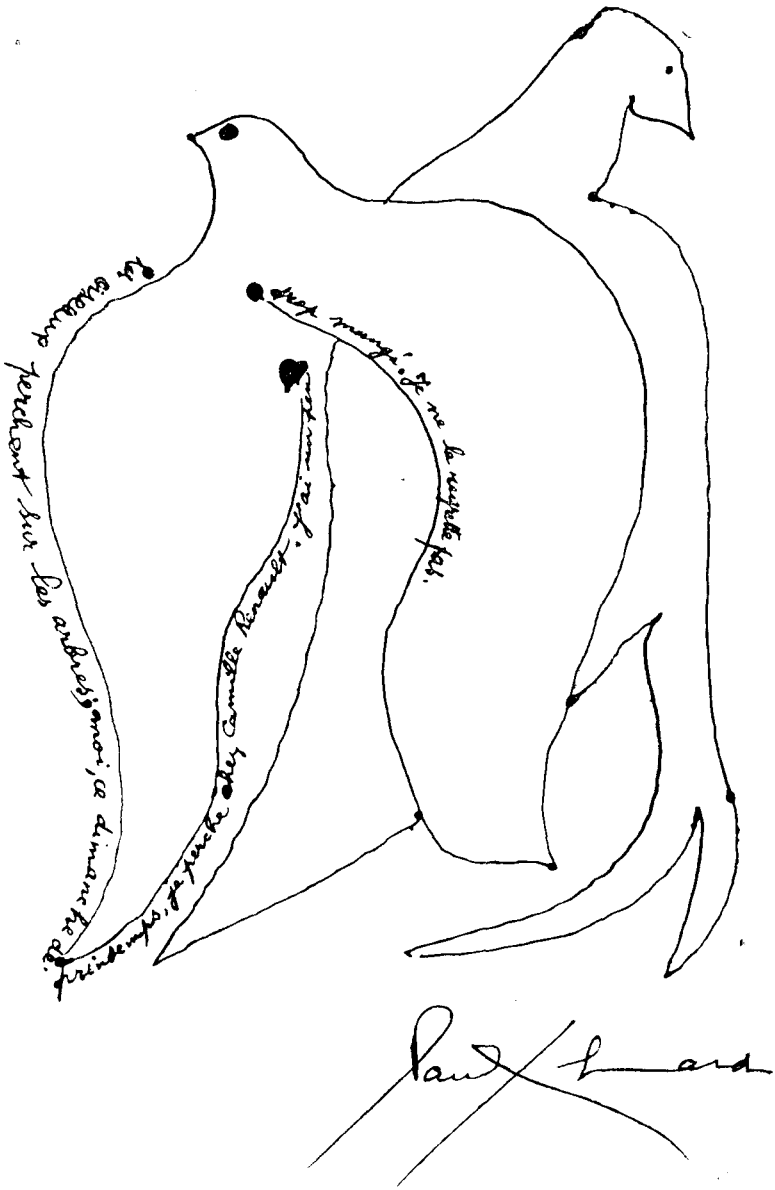

PAUL ELUARD CHEZ CAMILLE RENAULT

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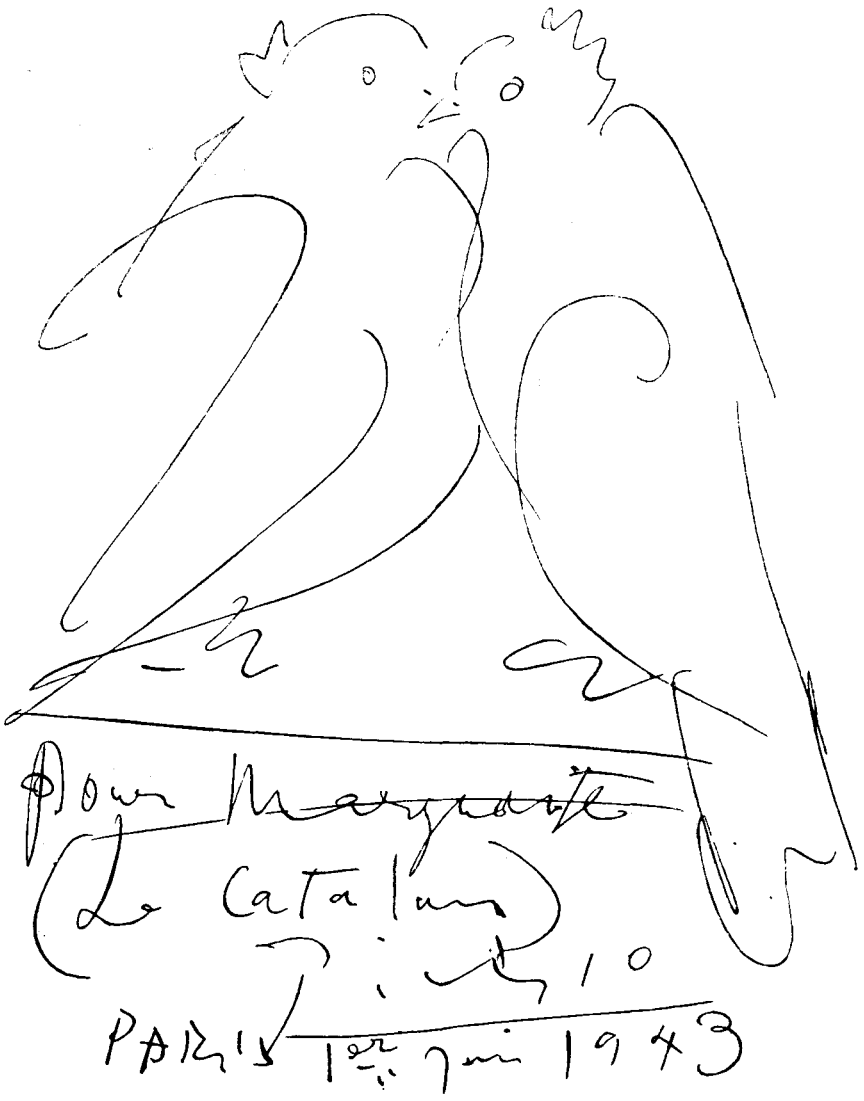

PABLO PICASSO — LE CATALAN

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Vertès
Decembre 194[illegible]

MARCEL VERTÈS

CHEZ CAMILLE RENAULT

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SYLVIA BRAVERMAN CHEZ LAVIGNE

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JACQUES VILLON CHEZ CAMILLE RENAULT

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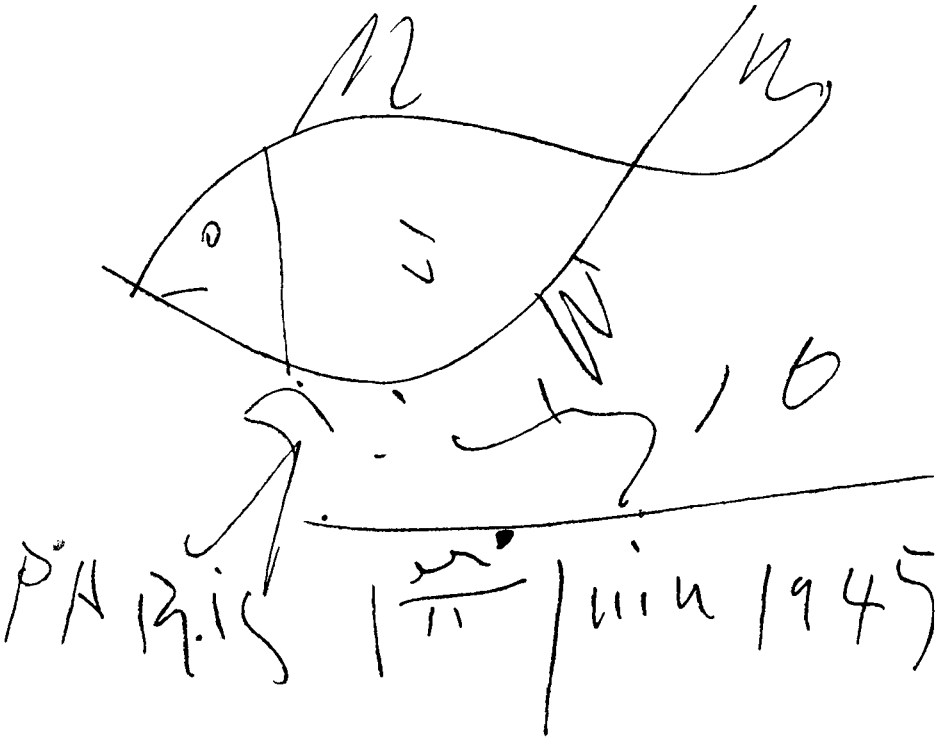
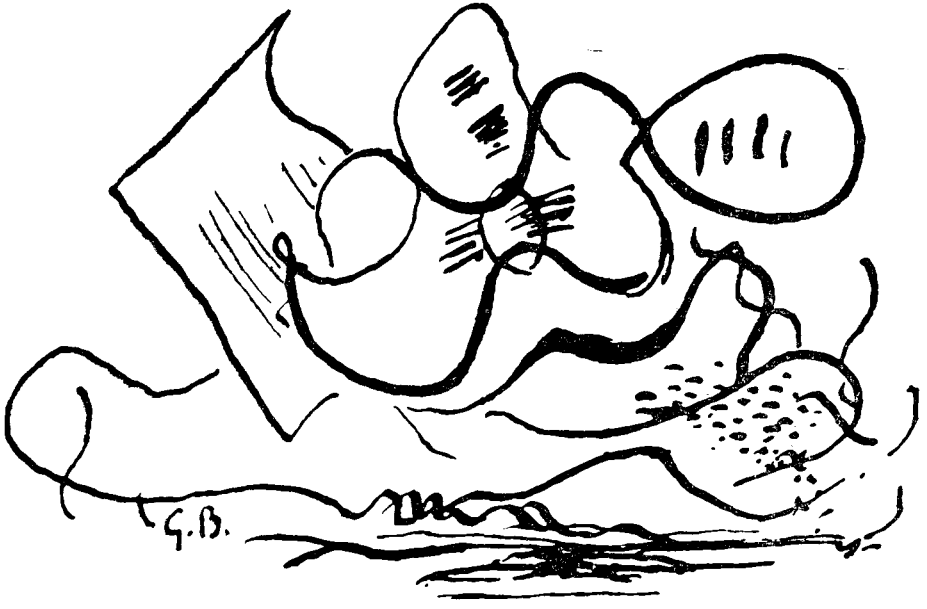


PABLO PICASSO — LA MÉDITERRANÉE



GEORGES BRAQUE — CHEZ CAMILLE RENAULT

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HENRI MATISSE CHEZ TONTON

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MARCEL VERTÈS — LA MÉDITERRANÉE

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Tom Keogh — la Méditerranée

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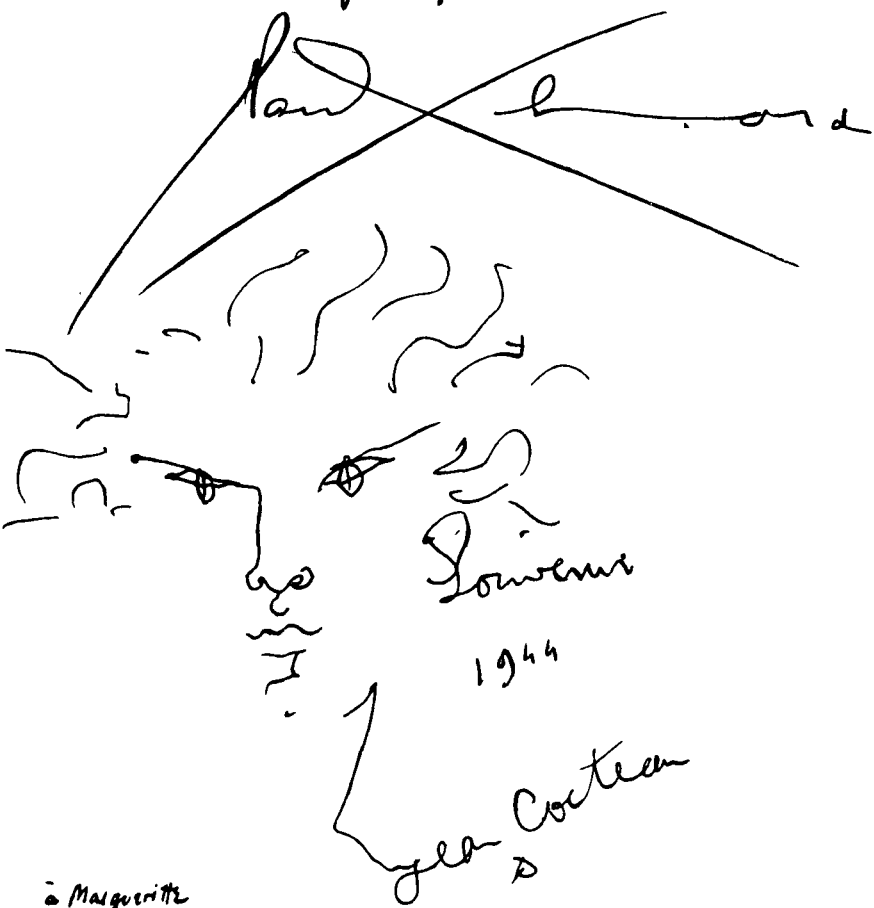
Sans yeux sans mains sans amis
On ne mange pas ici.



à Marguerite
A vous qui connaissez ma vie et mes œuvres
Ce qu'elles ont mangé qu'elles aiment toujours.
GEORGES HUGNET

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Ces musiciens mexicains
jouent la Marseillaise pour
le 7ème anniversaire de la
libération de Paris
Raoul Dufy

RAOUL DUFY — LA MÉDITERRANÉE

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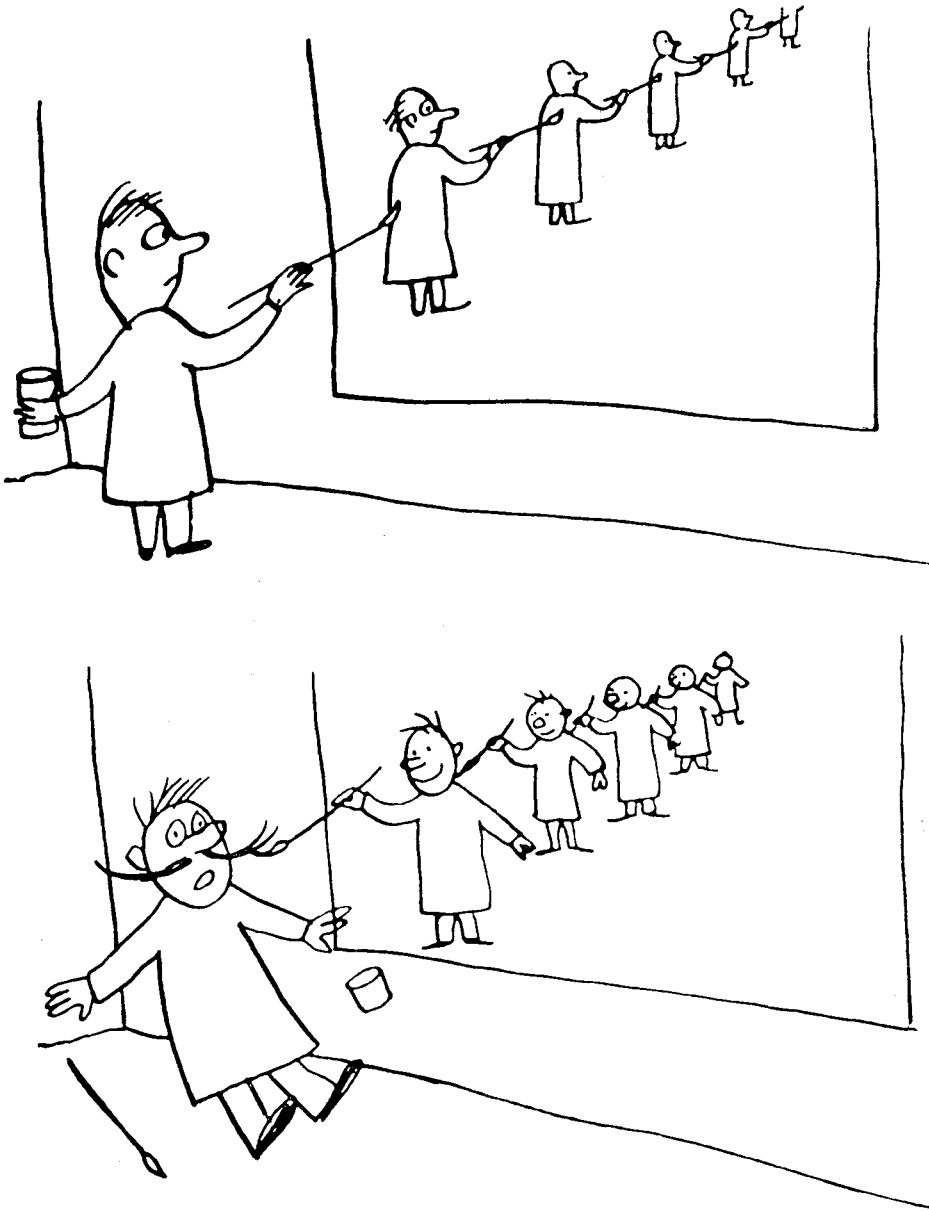

PAUL GRIMAULT LE CATALAN

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MOSE LE VILLAGE

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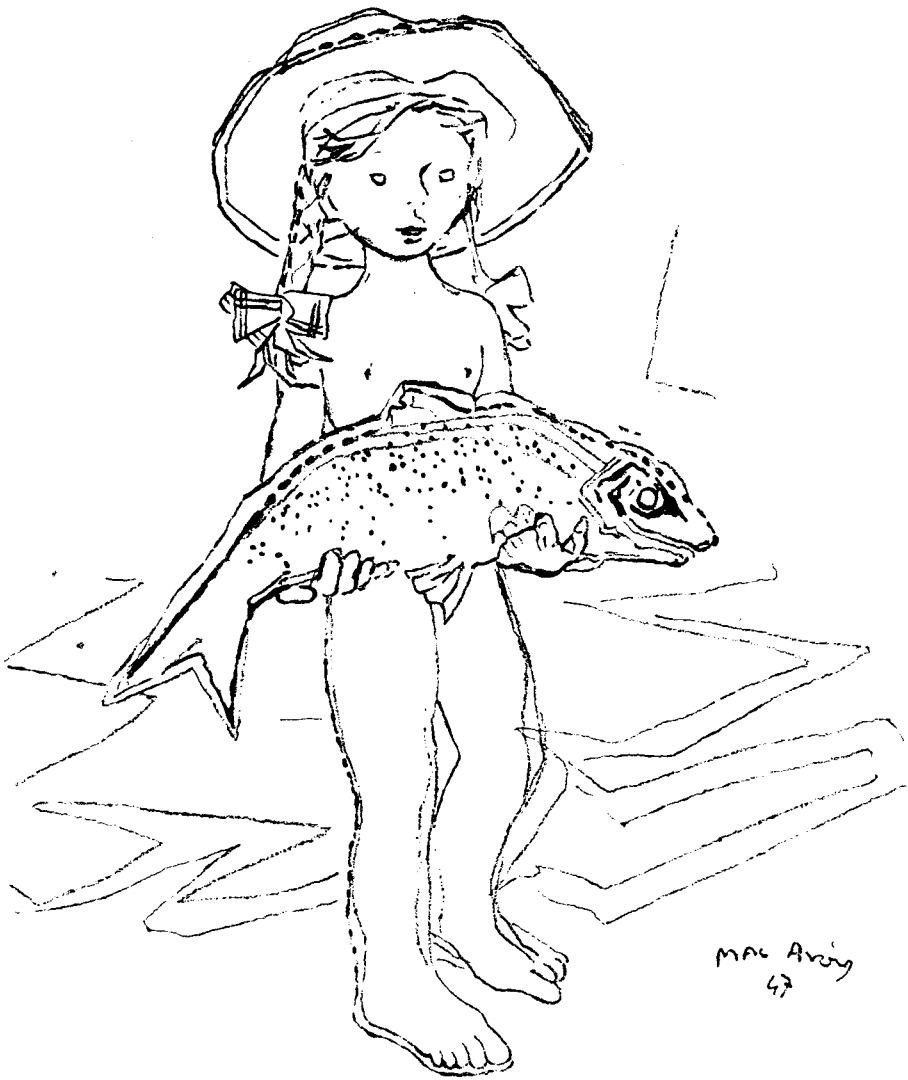

MAC AVOY — LA MÉDITERRANÉE

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LILA DE NOBILI — LA MÉDITERRANÉE

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ANNE RYAN

LUDVICA

AFTER two years as a servant in the family of a leather merchant it was settled that Ludvica was to be dismissed. The decision was already three days old, numb and stiff now from three days of fright having rolled over it. Mrs. Glemby, her mistress, who had often threatened, scolded and relented before, this time had wired two lines to a newspaper where she had an account, two small and insignificant lines which Ludvica could scarcely read. The newspaper had a circulation of a hundred thousand. The bell of the terrace door was ringing all day. This was the winter when people walked the streets looking for work; women were desperate, shivered, had red rims around their eyes and a thin trembling on their lips. One old woman had even walked slowly into the river and had drowned deliberately.

Fully twenty servants applied. The lady of the house had resigned herself to interviews. She brought a small basket of children's mending into the living room so she would appear occupied as she talked. As each servant appeared she was uncertain about one after another and sat there like a judge, stiff and final. But she made no decisions. A fantastic composite took shape in her mind, the appearance of one, the strength of a second, the amiability or low price of others made a sort of paragon and always at the end she was annoyed to realize that she could not have a creature that she had built for herself, perfect in everything. She ended each interview with the same sentence and there was always a tired hinge in her voice. "I must talk to my husband," she

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said coldly. "Tomorrow I shall decide, tomorrow." And as Ludvica opened the final door for each applicant she made a little scratching sound of impatience on the panel with her forenail, exactly like the sound of the thin claw of a bird or a mole digging in and fashioning the walls of its house.

At dinner time the two little girls ran in. They were boisterous, pettish and indulged in all sorts of extravagances; they ate nuts before meals and picked icing off the cakes. The younger was delicate looking yet inclined to play the comedian; even the light airy way in which she threw her wraps in the corner holding them at arm's length and winking and whistling was amusing and nonsensical. Ludvica was fond of her, walked after her with great ungainly steps, picking up, smiling and bending over the frail shoulders. Every once in a while she would touch the thin shoulder blades. "Your wings are sticking through," she would say. But the child with a smile in which there was something of impishness, disgust and shrinking, would curl away and this made a dull rage fume in Vica's heart, made her look and peer a moment intensely without understanding, then walk back quickly to her stove where the pots were sizzling and sputtering. Everything became upset in a moment, the spoons hid themselves, the silver dishes in their place over the oven grew too hot. She nearly dropped them. Her nails, rounded, horny and thick as strong claws, could not hold on to anything.

Serving at table she was nervous, in a panic because she realized that again and again she had made some mistake. Once she had forgotten the stuffing of the capon and at the last minute when it was half done had put two peeled apples inside so the white meat would not dry out. Her cooking was always the same; she could scarcely get a whole dinner together; either the gravy was missing or the egg sauce was left in the kitchen. When anything like this happened her mistress would say, looking helpless and angry, "I'm through. I give up," and to cover the slatey silence would begin at once to talk French to the children. At luncheon French was always the language but when anything unpleasant happened

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at other meals their mother thought she could distract her husband by making him slightly curious about these sharp, crisp sentences in another tongue which anyone could understand. He simply looked over the tops of their heads with his clear blue eyes. The children were only too glad to show off. This would go on for five minutes and then suddenly he would put a stop to it briskly. "Not at dinner, no French," he would say. "Subside, subside. Don't be boisterous, girls." All the time Vica walking around the table was helping and serving and her excitement and anxiety made her pant a little.

"Did you see any applicants today?" asked Mr. Glemby, and his voice sounded as though he were talking into a hollow bowl. "People are walking the streets. There must be many who want work."

"I'm simply exhausted, done up," and his wife let her arms sink down stiffly like two sticks of wood. All the paragons she had interviewed melted together. Her husband asked about the price, the cleanliness and whether each one could bake well. He liked rich cake and soufflé.

"If it's only cleanliness, Vica is clean," said his wife looking at him with wide-open eyes in which showed her faintheartedness and her dread of a new servant. The changing of maids was like a warped wheel in her mind, a wheel running over and over monotonously.

"Yes, but this pudding—" said Mr. Glemby positively.

"And she's kind...I see all her kindnesses now, one after the other..."

"Don't relent, don't be soft...it's too late... You're always ready to give in." He was simply a hard man.

At nine o'clock Vica went to the door of the living room to see if there was anything further needed. It was quiet in there; the gray heart of the fire had made a drowsiness in the room; behind the newspapers which they held up sleepiness gathered in their eyes. This was always a moment when Vica was overwhelmed. The silence, the dozing and the sound of the words she must speak to say good night were

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like stones in her throat. She waited outside the door looking up at the black well of the servants' stairs which she was about to mount. At last she poked her head into the lighted room. Cordiality smeared her face like a putty and she heard her voice issuing dully. Her mistress gave a jump, startled, as though a weight had been dropped or a wall in her house had opened. But Mr. Glemby was not disturbed; a wrinkle of scorn stained the corner of his mouth as he answered "Good night, good night."

When she reached her room Vica felt relieved; here she could be untidy for once, throw stockings under the bed and when she lay down smell the wet wood where there was a leak in the corner from a broken eave.

The silence of her room was a figure of the silence of her life. Only at intervals when she lost her temper would she speak out and then a sputtering, strongly accented English came to the surface.

Vica sat down now wrapping her mother's shawl around her. It was a square of bright flowers which she used to wear over her shoulders when she first came to work. Even about the shawl she had been confused. One day her mistress said to her, "Why do you wear that loud color? Aren't you warm enough? It spoils your neat dress." And Vica could see her eyes watch the fringe swishing over the water in the pan. Two drops were already clinging to two threads. The smallest mistake seemed important to Mrs. Glemby. Only at night when Vica stepped out of her tight, plain uniform had she time to remember her home, distant and lost... the freedom, the sunniness and the clear river where she bathed in summer under the drooping branches. How strong she felt then surrounded by rocks with her long hair floating silkily on the water and the morning willows dipping against the icy nakedness of her breasts! The only sound was her wide stroke splashing rhythmically. The sagas of her country had come easily to her lips... "*I will ride into the north wind... eagles' wings are a soft bed under me...*" She sang and sang loudly in the water and now softly in the close dark of her room...

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She sang "*Odin awoke and he warned the four giants to avoid his kingdom and keep his holy cornerstones... The frost giant lived in the fantastic snows... The east giant rushed in the storms... His wild clouds reared like horses over the black beaches... The fire giant sparkled in the south... When it was winter he burrowed deep into the earth to keep warm... So that spring could sleep well in his arms...*" The old words soothed her, leaped at her, seemed a new cover for her, fragile and deeply past. That was what she sang and remembered.

It was understood that when her mistress was at home she could go out if she wanted, could take the time off. Another servant lived two doors away between the open yards and the hedges. But if she had gone tonight she would have to admit her fears and uncertainties. It would only have weakened her, she could not keep the words back. She had worked faithfully and truthfully... A few days remained in this house. She would wait until her mistress was satisfied with someone else, wait patiently, meekly; then she would start all over again somewhere else and for beginner's wages.

She would go to her aunt's house. It was dull there. People were lazy and indifferent and poor. Her aunt was an old woman with no ease in her life. Every day she talked about what had worn out. When threadbare sheets tore in the night over her shoulder she could not find a dollar to replace them and simply sewed up the rents; every cover had a double rib in the center. Vica thought of the cards they played on the oil cloth table. The old aunt was so naive that one could tell all her tricks beforehand; when she knew she would win she would snap down the cards with a little click but when she was sure of losing she would cast the card out with a little airy loop which everyone understood.

The uncertainty of her life sank into Vica's mind. She was so lonely that she felt like going up to people when she passed on the street and saying something to them. She had a sense of injustice as though these strangers should divide with her. At the smallest word she would have opened her heart to anyone, anyone who sat beside her in a bus or walked

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beside her with their heels clicking the pavement. And now she sat still looking into the black night, a night with faint stars where the near sky was netted with the naked motionless branches of winter trees.

Next day as a last good behavior she resolved to keep out of the way of the children. She did not know whether to smile at them or to help them when they looked in the box for their arctics. All the time her temper was rising. She finished everything quickly and afterwards walked from room to room even picking up the sewing Mrs. Glemby had put down. Her mistress could not look at her. She was ashamed but she was firm, free now and decided.

In the afternoon she called Vica to her. She had accepted a servant and wanted Vica out of the house before the other girl came so the two could not compare orders. Sitting on the sofa with her head turned aside and her face covered with wrinkles she said sorrowfully, "Well, what will you do!" and exclaimed, making a small twist in her neck, "I have taught you all you know... but where will you go?"

Vica's aunt came after her. She secretly wanted to take a last look at the elegant house in which she had some remote sense of possession. She was as bewildered as Vica when Mrs. Glemby told her that her niece was a good servant, that she loved the children, but that all was swallowed up in a clumsiness, uncouthness and a sullen temper.

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LANDSCAPES OF NIGHT AND DAY

I

Through hours of England, swift, my angel, go:
high above towns
and green enormous downs
whose slopes four huge white horses loll upon;
past turning banks of hills below
the glassy sky a pistol-shot could smash;
feel as the daylight fades the leaves go cold
and herbs unfold
their savour on the lanes' hot height of dust.
The old brass bedsteads wrecked upon the hill
flame red and golden fires and disappear;
each hillside rill
repeats the flashes of the sunset's fear.
Startle, my messenger, from heavy-headed birds,
from drowsy birds, a last reply:
they weep their dripping notes in pools of sleep
to hear you, rustling angel, fly.
The dusk is closing on your road:
acres of dung, acres of stones you pass,
dark as a titan's bones below, unknown.
Expired the daytime halo of green grass,
the globe
blushes, and sleeps;
the day's last arrows fly,
the bowstring is relaxed,
the humming of the bowstring is my breathing,
my last sigh.
Careless if they hit the mark,
forgetful of the mark,
I slowly fade into the dark;
the sun is gone, the day; the world is gone.

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II

Turn down the sheets on the dark bed of night:
what piercing sight
uses my angel when far-off he lights?
There's a dark stream extended through the dark
a pale and naked flank is laid beside.
"Is she not quiet?" asks the guardian shade:
No. She turning deeper in her slumber mumbles,
"I dream of thunder though I sleep with angels."
"Mankind is nature's burning-glass and you,
as I well know, live at that fiery focus,
compound of sun and echoes, swayed like fern.
Smoke flutters softly from your burning feet:
step down,
step from your pyre, young martyr, to your life."
And what the singing of the sightless stream?
"Bright juggler with the gay hysteric laugh,
fair face enchanted by the morning dew,
light, light the bells assemble everywhere
as morning silver assembles on the stream,
dear creature softly gentled by the air,
wake to the fair intentions of your world:
Delight! Peace! Daylight! wait, for you."

—Douglas Newton

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SAMUEL BECKETT

Translated by Patrick Bowles
in collaboration with the author

EXTRACT FROM MOLLOY

THERE are people the sea doesn't suit, they prefer the mountains or the plain. Personally, I feel no worse there than anywhere else. Much of my life has ebbed away before this shivering expanse, to the sound of waves in storm and calm, and the claws of the surf. Before, no, more than before, one with, spread on the sand, or in a cave. In the sand I was in my element, letting it trickle between my fingers, scooping holes that a moment later filled in or that filled themselves in, casting it in the air by handfuls, rolling in it. And in the cave, lit by the beacons at night, I knew what to do to be no worse than anywhere else. And that my land went no further, in one direction at least, did not displease me. And to feel there was one direction at least in which I could go no further, without first wetting myself, then drowning myself, was a blessing. For I have always said, First learn to walk, then you can take swimming lessons. But don't imagine my region ended at the coast, that would be a grave mistake. For it was this sea too, its reefs and distant islands, and its hidden depths. And I too once went forth on it, in a sort of oarless skiff, but I paddled with an old bit of driftwood. And I sometimes wonder if I ever came back, from that voyage. For I see myself putting to sea, and the long hours without landfall, I do not see the return, the tossing on the breakers, and I do not hear the frail keel grating on the shore. I took advantage of being at the seaside to lay in a store of sucking stones. Yes, on this occasion I laid in a considerable store. I distributed them equally among my four pockets and sucked them turn and turn about. This

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raised a problem which I first solved in the following way. I had say sixteen stones, four in each of my four pockets, these being the two pockets of my trousers and the two pockets of my greatcoat. Taking a stone from the right pocket of my greatcoat, and putting it in my mouth, I replaced it in the right pocket of my greatcoat by a stone from the right pocket of my trousers, which I replaced by a stone from the left pocket of my trousers, which I replaced by a stone from the left pocket of my greatcoat, which I replaced by the stone which was in my mouth, as soon as I had finished sucking it. In this way there were always four stones in each of my four pockets, but not quite the same stones. And when the desire to suck took hold of me again, I drew again on the right pocket of my greatcoat, certain of not taking the same stone as the last time. And while I sucked it I rearranged the other stones in the way I have just described. And so on. But this solution did not satisfy me fully. For it did not escape me that, by an extraordinary hazard, the four stones circulating thus might always be the same four. In which case, far from sucking the sixteen stones turn and turn about, I was really only sucking four, always the same, turn and turn about. But I shook them well in my pockets, before I began to suck, and again, while I sucked, before transferring them, in the hope of obtaining a more general circulation of the stones from pocket to pocket. But this was only a make-shift that could not content a man like me. So I began to look for something else. And the first thing I hit upon was that I might do better to transfer the stones four by four, instead of one by one, that is to say, during the sucking, to take the three stones remaining in the right pocket of my greatcoat and replace them by the four in the right pocket of my trousers, and these by the four in the left pocket of my trousers, and these by the four in the left pocket of my great-coat, and finally these by the three from the right pocket of my greatcoat, plus the one, as soon as I had finished sucking it, which was in my mouth. Yes, it seemed to me at first that by so doing I would arrive at a better result. But on further reflection I had to change my mind, and confess that the

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circulation of the stones four by four came to exactly the same thing as their circulation one by one. For if I was certain of finding each time, in the right pocket of my greatcoat, four stones totally different from their immediate predecessors, the possibility nevertheless remained of my always chancing on the same stone, within each group of four, and consequently of my sucking, not the sixteen turn and turn about as I wished, but in fact four only, always the same, turn and turn about. So I had to seek elsewhere than in the mode of circulation. For no matter how I caused the stones to circulate, I always ran the same risk. It was obvious that by increasing the number of my pockets I was bound to increase my chances of enjoying my stones in the way I planned, that is to say one after the other until their number was exhausted. Had I had eight pockets, for example, instead of the four I did have, then even the most diabolical hazard could not have prevented me from sucking at least eight of my sixteen stones, turn and turn about. The fact of the matter is I should have needed sixteen pockets for all my anxiety to be dispelled. And for a long time I could see no other conclusion but this, that short of having sixteen pockets, each with its stone, I could never reach the goal I had set myself, short of an extraordinary hazard. And if at a pinch I could double the number of my pockets, were it only by dividing each pocket in two, with the help of a few safety-pins let us say, to quadruple them seemed to be more than I could manage. And I didn't feel inclined to take all that trouble for a half-measure. For I was beginning to lose all sense of measure, after all this wrestling and wrangling, and to say, It's either all or nothing. And if I was tempted for an instant to establish a more equitable proportion between my stones and my pockets, by reducing the former to the number of the latter, it was only for an instant. For it would have been an admission of defeat. And sitting on the shore, before the sea, the sixteen stones spread out before my eyes, I gazed at them in anger and perplexity. For just as I had difficulty in sitting on a chair, or in an armchair, because of my stiff leg you understand, so I had none in sitting on the ground, because of my stiff leg and my

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stiffening leg, for it was about this time that my good leg, good in the sense that it was not stiff, began to stiffen. needed a prop under the ham you understand, and even under the whole length of the leg, the prop of the earth. And while I gazed thus at my stones, brooding on endless martingales all equally defective, and crushing handfuls of sand, so that the sand ran through my fingers, and fell back on the strand, yes, while I held thus in suspense my mind and a part of my body, one day suddenly it dawned on the former, dimly, that I might perhaps achieve my purpose without increasing the number of my pockets, or reducing the number of stones, but simply by sacrificing the principle of trim. The meaning of this illumination, which suddenly began to sing within me, like a verse of Isaiah, or of Jeremiah, I did not penetrate at once, and notably the word trim, which I had never met with, long remained obscure. Finally I seemed to grasp that this word trim could not mean anything else, anything better, than the distribution of the sixteen stones in four groups of four, one group in each pocket, and that it was my refusal to consider any distribution other than this that had vitiated my calculations until then and rendered the problem literally insoluble. And it was on the basis of this interpretation, whether right or wrong, that I finally reached a solution, inelegant assuredly, but sound, sound. Now I am willing to believe, indeed I firmly believe, that other solutions to this problem might have been found, and indeed may still be found, no less sound, but much more elegant, than the one I shall now describe, if I can. And I believe too that had I been a little more insistent, a little more resistent, I could have found them myself. But I was tired, tired and I contented myself ingloriously with the first solution that was a solution, to this problem. But not to go over the heartbreaking stages through which I passed before I came to it, here it is, in all its hideousness. It was merely (merely!) a matter of putting for example, to begin with, six stones in the right pocket of my greatcoat, or supply-pocket, five in the right pocket of my trousers, and five in the left pocket of my trousers, that makes the lot, twice five ten plus six, and

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none, for none remained, in the left pocket of my greatcoat, which for the time being remained empty, empty of stones that is, for its usual contents remained, as well as occasional objects. For where do you think I hid my vegetable knife, my silver, my horn and the other things, that I have not yet named, perhaps shall never name. Good. Now I can begin sucking. Watch me closely. I take a stone from the right pocket of my greatcoat, suck it, stop sucking it, put it in the left pocket of my greatcoat, the one empty (of stones). I take a second stone from the right pocket of my greatcoat, suck it, put it in the left pocket of my greatcoat. And so on until the right pocket of my greatcoat is empty (apart from its usual and occasional contents) and the six stones I have just sucked, one after the other, are all in the left pocket of my greatcoat. Pausing then, and concentrating, so as not to make a balls of it, I transfer to the right pocket of my greatcoat, in which there are no stones left, the five stones in the right pocket of my trousers, which I replace by the five stones in the left pocket of my trousers, which I replace by the six stones in the left pocket of my greatcoat. At this stage then the left pocket of my greatcoat is again empty of stones, while the right pocket of my greatcoat is again supplied, and in the right way, that is to say with other stones than those I have just sucked. These other stones I then begin to suck, one after the other, and to transfer as I go along to the left pocket of my greatcoat, being absolutely certain, as far as one can be in an affair of this kind, that I do not suck the same stones as a moment before, but others. And when the right pocket of my greatcoat is again empty (of stones), and the five I have just sucked are all in the left pocket of my greatcoat, then I proceed to the same redistribution as a moment before, or a similar redistribution, that is to say I transfer to the right pocket of my greatcoat, now again available, the five stones in the right pocket of my trousers, which I replace by the six stones in the left pocket of my trousers, which I replace by the five stones in the left pocket of my greatcoat. And there I am ready to begin again. Do I have to go on? No, for it is clear that after the next series, of sucks and transfers,

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I shall be back where I started, that is to say with the first six stones back in the supply pocket, the next five in the right pocket of my stinking old trousers and finally the last five in left pocket of same, and my sixteen stones will have been sucked once at least in impeccable succession, not one sucked twice, not one left unsucked. It is true that the next time I could scarcely hope to suck my stones in the same order as the first time and that the first, seventh and twelfth for example of the first cycle might very well be the sixth, eleventh and sixteenth respectively of the second, assuming the worst came to the worst. But that was a drawback I could not avoid. And if in the cycles taken together utter confusion was bound to reign, at least within each cycle taken separately I could be easy in my mind, at least as easy as one can be, in a proceeding of this kind. For for each cycle to be identical, as to the succession of stones in my mouth, and God knows I had set my heart on it, the only means were numbered stones or sixteen pockets. And rather than make twelve more pockets or number my stones, I preferred to make the best of the comparative peace of mind I enjoyed within each cycle taken separately. For it was not enough to number the stones, but I would have had to remember, every time I put a stone in my mouth, the number I needed and look for it in my pocket. Which would have spoilt the taste of stones for me, in a very short time. For I would never have been sure of not making a mistake, unless of course I had kept a kind of register, in which to tick off the stones one by one, as I sucked them. And of this I believed myself incapable. No, the only perfect solution would have been the sixteen pockets, symmetrically disposed, each one with its stone. Then I would have needed neither to number nor to think, but merely, as I sucked a given stone, to move on the fifteen others, each to the next pocket, a delicate business admittedly, but within my power, and to call always on the same pocket when I felt like sucking. This would have freed me from all anxiety, not only within each cycle taken separately, but also for the sum of all cycles, though they went on forever. But however imperfect my own solution was, I was pleased at

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having found it all alone, yes, quite pleased. And if it was perhaps less sound than I had thought in the first flush of discovery, its inelegance never diminished. And it was above all inelegant in this, to my mind, that the uneven distribution was painful to me, bodily. It is true that a kind of equilibrium was reached, at a given moment, in the early stages of each cycle, namely after the third suck and before the fourth, but it did not last long, and the rest of the time I felt the weight of the stones dragging me now to one side, now to the other. So it was something more than a principle I abandoned, when I abandoned the equal distribution, it was a bodily need. But to suck the stones in the way I have described, not haphazard, but with method, was also I think a bodily need. Here then were two incompatible bodily needs, at loggerheads. Such things happen. But deep down I didn't give a tinker's curse about being off balance, dragged to the right hand and the left, backwards and forwards. And deep down it was all the same to me whether I sucked a different stone each time or always the same stone, until the end of time. For they all tasted exactly the same. And if I had collected sixteen, it was not in order to ballast myself in such and such a way, or to suck them turn about, but simply to have a little store so as never to be without. But deep down I didn't give a fiddler's curse about being without, when they were all gone they would be all gone, I wouldn't be any the worse off, or hardly any. And the solution to which I rallied in the end was to throw them all away but one, which I kept now in one pocket, now in another, and which of course I soon lost, or threw away, or gave away, or swallowed. It was a wild part of the coast. I don't remember having been seriously molested. The black speck I was, in the great pale stretch of sand, who could wish it harm? Some came near, to see what it was, whether it wasn't something of value from a wreck, washed up by the storm. But when they saw the jetsam was alive, decently if wretchedly clothed, they turned away. Old women and young ones, yes, too, come to gather wood, came and stared, in the early days. But they were always the same and it was in vain I moved from one place

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to another, in the end they all knew what I was and kept their distance. I think one of them one day, detaching herself from her companions, came and offered me something to eat and that I looked at her in silence, until she went away. Yes, it seems to me some such incident occurred about this time. But perhaps I am thinking of another stay, at an earlier time, for this will be my last, my last but one, there is never a last, by the sea. However that may be I see a woman coming towards me and stopping from time to time to look back at her companions. Huddled together like sheep they watch her recede, urging her on, and laughing no doubt, I seem to hear laughter, far away. Then it is her back I see, as she goes back, now it is towards me she looks back, but without stopping. But perhaps I am merging two times in one, and two women, one coming towards me, shyly, urged on by the cries and laughter of her companions, and the other going away from me, unhesitatingly. For those who came towards me I saw coming from afar, most of the time, that is one of the advantages of the seaside. Black specks in the distance I saw them coming, I could follow all their antics, saying, It's getting smaller, or, It's getting bigger and bigger. Yes, to be taken unawares was so to speak impossible, for I turned often towards the land too. Let me tell you something, my sight was better at the seaside! Yes, raking far and wide over these vast flats, where nothing lay, nothing stood, my good eye saw more clearly and there were even days when the bad one too had to look away. And not only did I see more clearly, but I had less difficulty in saddling with a name the rare things I saw. These are some of the advantages and disadvantages of the seaside. Or perhaps it was I who was changing, why not? And in the morning, in my cave, and even sometimes at night, when the storm rages, I felt reasonably immune from the elements and mankind. But there too there is a price to pay. In your box, in your caves, there too there is a price to pay. And which you pay willingly, for a time, but which you cannot go on paying forever. For you cannot go on buying the same thing forever, with your little pittance. And unfortunately there are

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other needs than that of rotting in peace, it's not the word, I mean of course my mother whose image, blunted for some time past, was beginning now to harrow me. So I went back inland, for my town was not strictly speaking on the sea, whatever may have been said to the contrary. And to get to it you had to go inland, I at least knew of no other road. For between my town and the sea there was a kind of swamp which, as far back as I can remember, and some of my memories have their roots deep in the immediate past, there was always talk of draining, by means of canals I suppose, or of transforming into a vast port and docks, or into a city on piles for the workers, in a word of redeeming somehow or other. And with the same stone they would have killed the scandal, at the gates of their metropolis, of a stinking steaming swamp in which an incalculable number of human lives were yearly engulfed, the statistics escape me for the moment and doubtless always will, so complete is my lack of interest in this aspect of the question. It is true they actually began work and that work is still going on in certain areas in the teeth of adversity, setbacks, epidemics and the apathy of the Public Works Department, far from me to deny it. But from this to proclaiming that the sea came lapping at the ramparts of my town, there was a far cry. And I for my part will never lend myself to such a perversion (of the truth), until such time as I am forced to or find it convenient. And I knew this swamp a little, having risked my life in it, cautiously, on several occasions, at a period of my life richer in illusions than the one I am trying to patch together here, I mean richer in certain illusions, in others poorer. So there was no way of coming at my town directly, by sea, but you had to disembark well to the north or the south and take to the highways, just imagine that, for they had never heard of Watt, just imagine that too. And now my progress, slow and painful at all times, was more so than ever, because of my short stiff leg, the same which I thought had long been as stiff as a leg could be, but damn the bit of it, for it was growing stiffer than ever, a thing I would not have thought possible, and at the same time shorter every day, but above all because of the

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other leg, supple hitherto and now growing rapidly stiff in its turn but not yet shortening, unhappily. For when the two legs shorten at the same time, and at the same speed, then all is not lost, no. But when one shortens, and the other not, then you begin to be worried. Oh not that I was exactly worried, but it was a nuisance, yes, a nuisance. For I didn't know which foot to land on, when I came down. Let us try and get this dilemma clear. Follow me carefully. The stiff leg hurt me, admittedly, I mean the old stiff leg, and it was the other which I normally used as a pivot, or prop. But now this latter, as a result of its stiffening I suppose, and the ensuing shock to nerves and sinews, was beginning to hurt me even more than the other. What a story, God send I don't make a balls of it. For the old pain, do you follow me, I had got used to it, in a way, yes, in a kind of way. Whereas to the new pain, though of the same family exactly, I had not yet had time to adjust myself. Nor should it be forgotten that having one bad leg plus another more or less good, I was able to nurse the former, and reduce its sufferings to the minimum, to the maximum by using the former exclusively, with the help of my crutches. But I no longer had this resource! For I no longer had one bad leg plus another more or less good, but now both were equally bad. And the worse, to my mind, was that which till now had been good, at least relatively good, and whose change for the worse I had not yet schooled myself to endure. So in a way, if you like, I still had one bad leg and one good, or rather less bad, with this difference however, that the less bad now was the less good of heretofore. It was therefore on the old bad leg that I often longed to lean, between one crutchstroke and the next. For while still extremely sensitive, yet it was less so than the other, or it was equally so, if you like, but it did not seem so to me, because of its seniority. But I couldn't! What? Lean on it. For it was shortening, don't forget, whereas the other, though stiffening, was not yet shortening, or so far behind its fellow, that to all intents and purposes, intents and purposes I'm lost, who cares. If I could even have bent it, at the knee, or even at the hip, I could have made it seem as short as the

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other, long enough to land on the true short one, before taking off again. But I couldn't. What? Bend it. For how could I bend it, when it was stiff? I was therefore compelled to work the same old leg as heretofore, in spite of its having become, on the sensory level at least, the worse of the two and the more in need of nursing. Sometimes to be sure, when I was lucky enough to chance on a road conveniently cambered, or by taking advantage of a not too deep ditch or any other breach of surface, I managed to lengthen my short leg, for a short time. But it had done no work for so long that it did not know how to go about it. And I think a pile of dishes would have better supported me than it, which had so well supported me, when I was a tiny tot. And another factor of disequilibrium was here involved, I mean when I thus made the best of the lie of the land, I mean my crutches, which I would have needed one short and one long if I was to remain vertical. No? I don't know. In any case the ways I went were for the most part little forest paths, that's understandable, where differences of level, though abounding, were too confused and too erratic to be of any help to me. But did it make such a difference after all, as far as the pain was concerned, whether my leg was free to rest or whether it had to work? I think not. For the suffering of the leg at rest was constant and monotonous. Whereas the leg condemned to the increase of pain inflicted by work knew the decrease of pain bestowed by work suspended, the space of an instant. But I am human, I think, and my progress suffered, from this state of affairs, and from the slow and painful progress it had always been, whatever may have been said to the contrary, was changed, saving your presence, to a veritable calvary, without limit to its stations or hope of crucifixion, though I say it myself, and no Simon, and reduced me to frequent halts. Yes, my progress reduced me to stopping more and more often, it was the only way to progress, to stop. And though it is no part of my tottering intentions to treat here in full, as they deserve, these brief moments of the immemorial expiation, I shall nevertheless deal with them briefly, out of the goodness of my heart, so that my story, so

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clear till now, may not end in darkness, the darkness of these towering forests, these giant leaves where I hobble, listen, fall, rise, listen and hobble on, wondering sometimes, need I say, if I shall ever see again the hated light, at least unloved, stretched palely between the last boles, and my mother, to settle matters, and if I would not do better, at least just as well, to hang myself from a bough, with a liane.

TO THE LOUD WIND

Mime the loud wind in pain—
The worded room will yield
Your canny agony
Not excellence nor will.

Dreams and asylums build
No words of sounding luck.
The metronome of guilt
Does sums behind the lock.

A maiden intellect
Sits safe indoors and still
When loud complexity
Thunders electrical.

Not subtlety nor guilt
But will made concentrate
Shouts the loud wind to fill
The worded intellect.

—Donald Hall

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Short Stories

SAMUEL BECKETT was born in Dublin in 1906 of Dublin parents. His first book, *Whoroscope*, a long poem, was printed in Paris in 1930 by the Hours Press. A book on Proust, published by Chatto and Windus, was followed by a collection of short stories, *More Pricks Than Kicks*, with the same publishers, and some poems, *Echo's Bones*, at the Europa Press, London. In 1937 he settled definitely in Paris although still writing in English. Routledge printed *Murphy*, a novel, in 1938. From 1942 to 1944, living in Vaucluse (Unoccupied Zone) he finished his last work in English, *Watt*, a novel, published by Collection Merlin in 1953. When he went back to Paris in 1947 his French translation of *Murphy* was published by Editions Bordas, and since then there have followed four more works in his adopted language, published by Les Éditions de Minuit: the trilogy of novels, *Molloy* (1951), *Malone Meurt* (1952), *L'Innommable* (1953), and the play, *En Attendant Godot*. The latter, which ran for over 300 performances in Paris, is now touring France and Germany. His novel *Molloy*, from which this magazine has printed an extract, is at present being translated into English and will be published in 1954 by Grove Press in America and Collection Merlin in Europe.

Mr. Beckett has printed short stories and extracts from his novels in numerous French magazines; since the war his work has been published in English by *Transition* (Paris), *Envoy* (Dublin), *Irish Writing* (Cork), and *Merlin* (Paris); this is the first time his work has been published in a magazine widely distributed in America.

J. EDGAR GROVE's stories have appeared in a number of publications, including *Story Magazine*, and in Edwin Seaver's *Cross Section* 1948, published by Simon and Schuster. Now 29, Mr. Grove lives in Virginia.

GERARD KORNELIS VAN HET REVE, born in Amsterdam in 1923, won a prize for his first novel *De Avonden* in 1947. For one of his novellas, entitled *Melancholia*, he was in 1951 awarded a scholarship by the Dutch government, but the next day the decision was withdrawn, his work being considered "a danger to public welfare." A committee of writers then raised a fund equivalent to the scholarship and presented it to him. Since 1952 he has been writing exclusively in English. *The Acrobat* is his first published English story.

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ANNE RYAN, though better known for her painting, has been published in *Poetry*, *Voices*, *Commonweal* and a number of other publications. A long short story entitled *Fear* recently appeared in *Botteghe Oscure*. She currently lives in Greenwich Village.

Interview

PETER MATTHIESSEN and GEORGE PLIMPTON are literary editor and editor respectively of THE PARIS REVIEW. Peter Matthiessen's first novel *Race Rock* was published in March by Harper Brothers. George Plimpton's *The Rabbit's Umbrella*, a children's book, is to be published by Viking this year. The Styron interview is the fifth in a series on the Art of Fiction. Authors interviewed have included E. M. Forster, François Mauriac, Graham Greene, and Irwin Shaw. Future interviews will be held with Alberto Moravia, Ernest Hemingway, Joyce Cary, and Truman Capote.

Poetry

PATRICK BOWLES was born in England, went to school in Rhodesia, to Rhodes University in South Africa, and now lives in Paris. His writing has appeared in *Botteghe Oscure*, *Points*, *Merlin* and *Ninepence*, and other extracts of his translation of Samuel Beckett's *Molloy* (done in collaboration with the author) will appear in America in *New World Writing*.

RICHARD EBERHART has published five volumes of verse, including his *Selected Poems*, 1951. His poem *Creators* appeared in the second issue of THE PARIS REVIEW. Mr. Eberhart has won the Shelley Memorial Award, and served as a judge on the Bollingen Prize Award committee at the Yale University Library.

DONALD HALL now holds the Creative Writing Fellowship at Stanford University. His verse has appeared in *The Hudson Review*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and *New World Writing*.

JANE MAYHALL, born in Louisville, Kentucky, now lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. Her poems have appeared in *New World Writing*, *Partisan Review*, and elsewhere. She has taught in the New School for Social Research and her fiction has appeared in *New Directions* and the *Best American Short Stories* series.

DOUGLAS NEWTON, born in Malaya, lives at present in London. His verse has been published in *Poetry* (Chicago), *Penguin New Writing*, and *Botteghe Oscure*. Editions Finisterre of Paris will publish a collection of his work this year.

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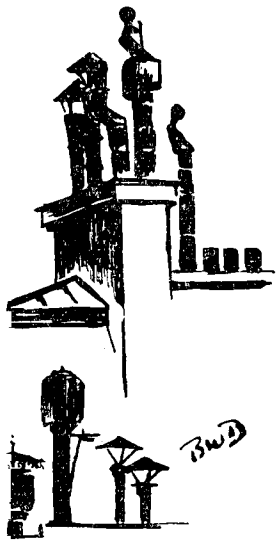

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